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Among the articles in the **SATURDAY REVIEW** next week will be "Mirage", by H. Fielding-Hall.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Asquith has decided that the Home Rule Bill, unamended, shall go forward to a third reading. This Bill has been met by the Unionists in every stage of its passage through the House of Commons with unqualified hostility; and it will be resisted by every possible means to the last. There is no doubt or compromise or bargain as to this. The breaking of the Union is an act with which no Unionist can have any connection. It is a disaster, a tragical undoing of history, a deed of folly. The Government will drive the Home Rule Bill into law only in the teeth of an Opposition which has never faltered or grown slack.

When the Home Rule Bill has thus gone forward, the Government will introduce an Amending Bill, in which its proposals for settlement will be embodied. Mr. Asquith tells us that the Government will make itself responsible for this Bill. If, therefore, the Bill fails to please a majority of the House—if the Nationalists cannot accept it, or Mr. Asquith's extreme Radicals, or the Unionists—a dissolution in the summer is inevitable. In a word, Mr. Asquith's Amending Bill has either to settle the Ulster difficulty outright or he will go to the country upon its merits.

Mr. Bonar Law put the Unionist attitude as to the Government plan clearly and forcibly on Tuesday: "We have always said that we are utterly opposed to Home Rule, with or without exclusion; that we will in no shape or form, and to no degree, accept any responsibility for any kind of Home Rule. But we have recognised that the Government have the power, under the Parliament Act, to carry this Bill through in spite of us. Our position is to-day, as strong as ever, that, if Home Rule can be carried in spite of us, we shall do everything in our power to make it easy for the Government to carry it without, rather than with, civil strife."

The motive of the Government's procedure with the Home Rule Bill was plainly declared in Mr. Redmond's triumphant peroration. The Nationalists will have their Bill. They will take it back to their constituencies; and, however it be amended, they will have saved their political faces. This is the end of the formal compact between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond. Mr. Asquith has paid in full. The Home Rule Bill will have become law, if only for a day. Passing the Bill through the Commons finishes a chapter of politics. Thenceforward the tablets are clear for Mr. Asquith to start anew. In thus satisfying Mr. Redmond the Government is taking an immense risk. The Home Rule Bill is to pass; but no one has yet seen the Amending Bill. What will be the effect in Ulster of this procedure? The Ulstermen will only believe in the Amending Bill when they see it law. They will not act in the dark just because the Radicals of the House of Commons on Tuesday consented to vote in the dark. Mr. Asquith promises that the two Bills shall go side by side to the Statute Book. Let him "look to his bond".

"Why have a House of Commons?" Lord Helmsley interjected on Tuesday towards the close of Mr. Asquith's speech. Mr. Asquith, indeed, had explained the House of Commons away. The facts alone of this week's business at Westminster must surely make it clear to the country to what level the tyranny of the Cabinet has now reduced the House of Commons. The Government have in two days rushed the House through an important stage of three first-class contentious Bills. What used to be the committee stage of a Bill sank last session to a suggestion stage, and now it has virtually disappeared. As Mr. Asquith said: no "advantage would be gained from this suggestion stage". The Parliament Act has not only killed the House of Lords. It has reduced the House of Commons to a position in which it is no longer profitable or practicable to amend its Bills. Mr. Balfour predicted from the first that the Parliament Act would be disastrous for the House of Commons. He has to-day the melancholy satisfaction of a prophet justified.

The suggestion stage has gone quite naturally and inevitably. If a Bill is to go through under the Parliament Act after successive rejections by the House of Lords, it must from first to last be the same Bill. Therefore it cannot be effectively amended. The clumsy machinery of "suggestions" whereby it could, and could not, be amended was doomed from the first. It was bound to follow from the Parliament Act that only Government amendments to Parliament Act Bills would ever stand the least chance of discussion or improvement after the first session of their appearance. Mr. Asquith, at the time of the passing of the Parliament Act, always insisted that discussion would go on for three sessions; that every rejected Bill would be tested and tried, reading after reading. But it was always clear that after the first session this perfunctory talking upon a foregone conclusion would be merely formal. Mr. Asquith's speech this week plainly confesses this. The suggestion stage, he tells us, is of no use whatever to the House.

Mr. Balfour put the position quite clearly on Tuesday. The Government had never really thought out their suggestion stage; and they had found it was difficult to work. Therefore, since its abandonment simply trenched on the fairness due to a minority of the House, the majority decided it must go. There is no place to-day for an Opposition in the House of Commons; for an Opposition lives by the fairness and justice of the Government of the day. Every opportunity for discussion refused, every amendment cut away by the closure, means a less fair and reasonable treatment of valuable criticism. Sometimes, of course, the critics are on the majority side. A vigorous protest came this week from Mr. Gladstone against further increasing the "excessive powers" of the Government over the House. He was thinking, as well he might, of the Welsh Church.

The Budget debates this week have raised no new point of importance. Mr. Lloyd George has lightened the burden on small unearned incomes. Unearned incomes under £300 are to pay only a shilling (2d. less than they pay now); whereas the tax on unearned incomes between £300 and £500 is to remain at rs. 2d. These are concessions to the hard case of small people who have earned and saved small fortunes.

The whole Budget programme of the Government was in peril of being disorganised on Thursday. The Government majority fell to 21 in a snap division. This "snap" division was taken after an urgent three-line Government whip, and it well measures the indifference of the Coalition to ordinary business of the session. A "snap" division such as this only occurs under a falling Government. It is not to be explained as a manœuvre of the Opposition. Every Radical to-day is thinking first of his constituency; and has little enthusiasm left for the House.

The House of Commons was almost empty on Wednesday evening, when the national question of food supply in war time was raised by Mr. Bird. Members on both sides admitted the gravity of the problem, which is one, as Mr. Courthope pointed out, that concerns British agriculture as well as the British Navy; and the Government, by putting up Mr. Runciman to reply, thereby admitted that side of the case. But the Minister for Agriculture spoke less about agriculture than of naval defence and subsidies to shipbuilders, the latter of which he strongly disapproved; and his speech was in the main an attempt to soothe public opinion by an assurance that the whole problem was being considered by the Committee of Imperial Defence, that unfortunate mixture of soldiers and lawyers which apparently discusses everything and decides nothing. An unsatisfactory conclusion to an important debate.

Lord Curzon on Monday in the Lords raised the question of the removal of the Indian Government to

Delhi. This matter was carefully discussed in the SATURDAY REVIEW on February 28th and again on March 7th. We venture to think that nothing which Lord Crewe said on Monday answers in the least the powerful and expert arguments of Mr. Fielding-Hall. Nor can we see that he made a very serious attempt to demolish Lord Curzon's strong case against the prodigious experiment, the leap in the dark if ever there was such a thing in politics, which this country is making in India.

First, Lord Curzon's figures were—virtually—not attacked by Lord Crewe, who defended for the Government. Yet Lord Curzon pointed out that the Government's original estimate of the cost of the buildings was short by a matter of millions. They put it at four millions. It is going to work out at six millions instead. Lord Crewe candidly admitted four millions was an underestimate, though he half played at shaking Lord Curzon's revision. If Lord Curzon is anywhere near the right figure the Government were some fifty per cent. out of their reckoning. But this is almost as bad as the Chancellor of the Exchequer's figures over first Old Age Pensions, then the Land Taxes. It is really an alarming thing when we find the Government wrong over both its estimates at home and its estimates in India by millions.

But over and above this huge sum to be spent on the new Delhi, there is the still graver question of the indiscretion of the step. Lord Curzon declared that in transferring to Delhi we are "taking the Government out of the main channels of national life in India and creating a purely official capital on an arbitrary and artificial site". He said, "I have never heard an Anglo-Indian speak about the removal to Delhi with enthusiasm". He found the idea growing that Delhi could not be much more than the "ceremonious headquarters" of the Government during the winter, and that the notion of creating "a great new city" was considered chimerical. Altogether Lord Curzon's indictment was very grave. Lord Crewe tried to banter Lord Curzon for regarding this gigantic enterprise in the light in which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald regards it. Surely because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald happens to be in the right about Delhi, it is not incumbent that his political opponents should put themselves into the wrong.

A striking contrast has in the last fortnight been offered the more intelligent electors of this country. Last week the House of Lords, with a Conservative majority in command, turned down a Franchise Bill which would undoubtedly have improved the chances of Conservative candidates in a General Election. The Lords voted against the franchise proposals of Lord Selborne because they objected to its principle. They did not count the votes on either side, and, finding a bigger sum for themselves, decide accordingly. This week the House of Commons, with a Radical majority in command, has been forcing through a Franchise Bill to improve the chances of Radical candidates, irrespective of any principle whatever. The Plural Voting Bill is really against Radical principles; for it increases the inequality of the voting power distributed between the two parties. The over-representation of the Coalition is a little tempered by the extra plural votes of the Conservatives. But the scale is to be further tilted, in despite of the Radical ideal of one vote one value. Principle goes under in a Radical House of Commons when it comes to counting votes. In the House of Lords principle still survives.

Tampico has fallen to the "Constitutionalists" in Mexico after severe fighting. This is a hard blow for Huerta; but Huerta will die a President rather than yield. This wretched anarchy, it seems, is to go on—the United States calmly waiting for the end. The possession of Tampico by the bandits of Villa, except that it makes matters worse, certainly brings the end no nearer. One ruffian is in place of another—that is all.

The Boy Scout movement—though we must all be free to criticise it in details—is a great one; and the appeal which Sir Robert Baden-Powell makes in the SATURDAY REVIEW this week should find many practical sympathisers. We hope it will strike home to many readers. The Boy Scout movement supplies what is needed immensely in England to-day—a system of discipline, physical, mental and moral, for town and village lads. It is impossible to overlook the fact that hoodliganism is rife in London and many country districts to-day; and the Boy Scout system is bound to lessen the number of louts and idlers on Saturdays and Sundays. Sir Robert Baden-Powell is doing sterling work for the nation.

Tourists rarely travel on the Circum-Etnean line. The trains are slow even for Italy, largely owing to the time spent in loading the rich produce of the district. But for those who can see this is the very eye of Sicily. The soil is exuberantly fertile, the people hard-working, kindly, and delightfully inquisitive. And there is always the mountain to close the view. Etna is the most awe-inspiring sight in Europe, but about its aspect there is none of the cruelty of Vesuvius. Its cold grandeur seems to be above man and his concerns. Yet Etna, too, can be treacherous.

Sicily has suffered a misfortune which revives memories of the terrible earthquake of 1908. This time the region about Etna has been made desolate. The two systems of volcanic activity whose centres are Etna and Stromboli appear to be unconnected with one another and the recent earthquake was not felt in the north of the island, just as the shocks of 1908 were not felt in the west. Happily no great town is included in the stricken area, though Catania, which has now replaced Messina as the island's commercial centre, lies only just beyond its borders. But destruction, whose full extent is not yet known, has befallen many villages which cluster about Acireale.

Mr. Balfour, in his talk to the English Association on Friday of last week, insisted upon the virtues of intensity or compression. Certainly this does not fall amiss. That language shall be compact of meaning—that each word and syllable shall tell—needs repeated emphasis at a time when the flow of print is so huge. What wisdom would be uttered daily in the world if every printed page fulfilled Mr. Balfour's ideal of intensity! Unhappily, it is solemn truth that if all the print of an English week were compressed into half a sheet of paper we should hardly have matter enough to reach, even in that small space, the intensity Mr. Balfour requires.

Mr. Balfour's talk was admirable criticism in every line; but we do not quite follow his distinction between poetry and prose. Poetry, in Mr. Balfour's view, would seem to be prose pressed down and running over, the essence of poetry being much meaning in a little room. This seems simply to say that poetry is good prose. Tacitus, by this measure, would be a better poet than Lord Byron. Moreover, Mr. Balfour did not say whether metre was the absolute sign of a poet. Much that is metrically written—the poetry of Dryden or Pope or Molière—is felt to be good prose (it has all the qualities of good prose raised higher and thrown into relief by metrical form), whereas much that is written without metre or rhyme is felt to be essential poetry. There are pages in Carlyle or Meredith which are felt as poetry against pages in Pope or Dryden that are felt as prose.

The "Times" printed lately an amusing article on slangy abbreviations now in general use—for example, "phone", "wire", "taxi", "bus", "bike". What is to be done? Probably nothing is to be done. If pedants and purists were to be called in to lecture or ostracise everyone who proposed to "phone" or call a "taxi", the result would be worse

than ever: even the few people who shrink from "phone" and the still fewer from "taxi" would then adopt the abbreviations, for it is human instinct to do the exact opposite to that which pedantry rules. So all we can do is to wait and see what happens to the words: perhaps some of them will die out naturally as the inventions themselves are superseded.

Meanwhile we are coining in this country "Americanisms" on a scale little dreamt of by many people. Some of these forms and phrases are more shocking than the most barbarous effort of the guessing, negotiating American. The East End of London appears to be one of the chief hot-beds of this prurient, perverted language. We have only just heard of a form almost startling and brutal in its disregard of the meaning and value of words—namely, "to put on a pipe", i.e., "to smoke a pipe".

The second cycle of "The Ring" ended on Saturday at Covent Garden, and with it, beyond doubt, something great in the intellectual life of London during the last few weeks. We express a mild surprise that a paper so cultivated as the "Westminster Gazette" should suggest that it should be cut or condensed in future lest it make too large a demand on "the time and attention of the public"! Surely the public which cares for Wagner and "The Ring" is not so hard up for attention as all that. It did not seem to be in a great haste to get away from "Götterdämmerung" that so nobly closed a week ago. It appeared like a public old Jeremy Collier might have had in thought when he said that music makes a great discovery of the soul.

Lady Carlisle's handsome gift of Rubens's "Lord Arundel" to the National Gallery is very welcome. It represents in the best way a side of the master at present unrepresented in our collection. The question is, When will it be visible? Just now most of the good things in the gallery are under lock and key. This must take a lot of wind from the sails of the Official Guide. By the way, is it not interesting that, despite the political extremities of the time, the Speaker of the House of Commons yet finds inclination and leisure repeatedly to attend lectures at the National and the Wallace Collection?

What is this talk of State endowment for a Royal Academy School of Industrial Art? Our arts and crafts economically considered may not be in the happiest condition: everyone agrees with Lord Haldane and Mr. Pease that interdependence between the Fine and Industrial Arts is ideal; we all agree with Alfred Stevens that study of the human figure is probably the best training for designers. But what has the Royal Academy ever done to suggest that its influence on industrial art would not be disastrous?

After all, we can but gauge the Royal Academy by its official performances and recognitions; we must assume that the painting and sculpture fostered in its schools and encouraged in its exhibitions reflect its tendencies and taste. Nor have we any ground for hoping that its taste in arts and crafts would be any different. Therefore it seems that the Board of Education contemplates financing an Academic School of Industrial Art whose work will reproduce the typical characteristics we deplore in Burlington House summer exhibitions. We can but hope that Mr. Pease will find wiser counsel in the Advisory Committee.

Mr. Reginald Lucas will greatly be missed. Half scholar and half politician, he was hardly robust enough for the tumble of Parliament. His literary work was pleasant; his political biographies were admirable studies, and into his last book—"The Measure of Our Thoughts"—he managed to put something of the charm and wit of his talk. Such men are more missed than many who make a greater stir.

LEADING ARTICLES.

HOME RULE IN THE LORDS.

THE Home Rule Bill has advanced a stage this week. Mr. Asquith on Tuesday stated the intention of the Government to introduce and make themselves responsible for an amending Bill. Further than that he refused to commit himself. He gave no indication of the contents of the Bill, and there is reason to believe that no Bill has yet been drafted.

Mr. Asquith also said that it is the intention of the Government to secure the third reading of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons before Whitsuntide. He announced on Thursday that the third reading will be completed the week after next. The Liberal majority are ready slavishly to pass the Bill, knowing that they are subsequently going to attempt fundamental alterations in it by an amending Bill, although they are completely in the dark as to what the amending Bill will contain, or whether the Government will be able to command a majority for it. On the other hand it seems to be assumed by the Government and by Mr. Redmond that the House of Lords will reject the Home Rule Bill as soon as it comes up for second reading without waiting for the amending Bill. Those who hold this view evidently desire the House of Lords to commit the same folly as the House of Commons. They expect the House of Lords to deal with the Home Rule crisis before the real proposals of the Government are before them. We make bold to say that such a course would be devoid alike of statesmanship and commonsense. The proper course is for the House of Lords neither to reject nor to assent to the second reading. Let them resolve that the Home Rule Bill, after its introduction into their House shall lie on the table until the amending Bill leaves the House of Commons. They should refuse on principle to discuss an incomplete scheme. Such a course would not be a technical admission of the principle of the Bill. It would involve neither the consideration of the merits of Home Rule nor of the claims of Ulster. It is contrary to the dignity of either House of Parliament that it should waste time in considering proposals which are not intended to become law. If the House of Commons think fit to stultify themselves by doing so, there is no reason why the House of Lords should follow the vicious example. The Home Rule scheme must be considered as a whole. The position of Ulster is one of the most important factors of the problem. To consider the Bill without knowing how it is proposed to deal with the Ulster difficulty would be absurd. From another point of view it is desirable that the Home Rule Bill should "lie on the table" until the amending Bill has left the Commons.

Were the Lords to reject the Bill on second reading, under the terms of the Parliament Act the Government would be able to present the Bill for the Royal Assent immediately without waiting to complete their amending proposals. Two courses would then be open to the Government. They might use the threat to present the Bill for the Royal Assent as a lever to extort from the Opposition agreement to an amending Bill which would not satisfy Ulster, or they might demand the Royal Assent at once in order that, having placed the Bill upon the Statute Book, they could bargain with Ulster under cover of the advantage of the Bill being law. It is in the highest degree undesirable that the Sovereign should be placed in such an invidious position. It must be remembered that, if once the Bill becomes law, the Ulster Provisional Government will be set up immediately. If the Lords reject the Bill on second reading without waiting for the exclusion proposals and the Government present the Bill for the Royal Assent, the King would be in a terrible position. He must either refuse assent to the Bill or assent to it with the knowledge that civil war will immediately follow. Unfortunately, there are many hotheads in the Radical Party who would not shrink from placing their Sovereign in this dilemma. If only in order that the Crown shall not be dragged into the mire of Party politics we hope and believe that the House of Lords will postpone consideration of the Home Rule Bill until

the complete proposals are before them. It should be borne in mind that under the terms of the Parliament Act the Home Rule Bill cannot become law without the consent of the House of Lords, unless they reject it or fail to pass it before the end of the Session—provided it goes up to them at least one month before the termination of the Session. It is, therefore, in the power of the House of Lords to delay the passage of the measure until the last word has been said—until the country is in possession of the whole of the Government's proposals. If, in such circumstances, the Government fail to satisfy Ulster and still proceed on their course, they will do so with full knowledge of the consequences. They will be unable to shift the responsibility. For the sake of peace, and without in any way violating Unionist principles, there is everything to gain by avoiding precipitate action.

Events in the House of Commons have justified our analysis of the situation in our last issue. We pointed out that the pressure of Nationalist opinion in Ireland would prevent Mr. Redmond from agreeing to terms which would satisfy Ulster's demands. The attempt to resume "conversations" has not succeeded. Mr. Redmond will not agree to any further concessions. He dare not, lest his party in the House of Commons and his supporters in Ireland throw him over. He has warned the Government that they will make further concessions at their peril: "If an amending Bill is introduced after the failure of peace, I shall hold myself absolutely free to deal with it when it arises". In the light of his truculent speech the Government are in a difficult position. To refuse the indefinite exclusion of Ulster means civil war. To concede it means defeat in the division lobby at the hands of the Nationalist Party.

Which is it to be—civil war or a General Election? Mr. Lloyd George, in reply to questions by Mr. Balfour and Mr. James Hope, said that unless in the meantime an agreement were come to, the new Bill would contain provisions for the optional exclusion of such Ulster counties as voted for it. He was understood to mean that the new Bill, in the absence of general agreement, would amount to no more than Mr. Asquith's original offer of temporary exclusion by counties for six years. Mr. Asquith did not say so, and it is difficult to place such an interpretation on his speech, inasmuch as the proposal for temporary exclusion has been repudiated by Sir Edward Carson and could not possibly form a basis for agreement. Until the discrepancy is cleared up we can only assume that Mr. Lloyd George's incursion was no more than a *ballon d'essai* to conciliate the Nationalists.

While we fully believe that Mr. Asquith is genuinely anxious to find a middle course, many of the extreme Radicals approve of Mr. Redmond's unbending attitude, and gave him prolonged cheers at the end of his speech. Therein lies the danger. Mr. Asquith and a majority of his colleagues desire a pacific solution—but there is grave risk lest the pressure of the extreme Radicals and Labour men, as well as of the Nationalists, may cause the Cabinet to drift until civil war is past recall. We have long predicted that a General Election is the only way out of the impasse, and we are glad to note that this opinion is becoming general. The net is tightening round the Government, but throughout Mr. Asquith has dexterously postponed the conflict with Mr. Redmond. Mr. Asquith's assumed optimism is one of the main causes of his present dilemma. It is his habit always to present a bold front—to encourage his supporters in the belief that nothing can prevent a successful issue of the Government's policy. In the present case it is overdone. The Cabinet are in a dilemma from which there is no visible means of escape. But their supporters have been long schooled to believe the contrary. The process of undeceiving them is not only difficult but dangerous to the unity of the Liberal Party. The longer Mr. Asquith persists in encouraging a spirit of arrogant optimism the greater will be the bathos when the time for plain speaking arrives. It is necessary to appreciate this in order to understand both the diffi-

culties which embarrass the Cabinet and the obstinacy of the extreme Radicals. Both have their origin in Mr. Asquith's failure to prepare his followers for the time when the Cabinet are no longer able to meet the wishes of the Nationalist Party. With the adroitness of an advocate Mr. Asquith himself is able to execute a change of front without embarrassment. He forgets that many of his supporters, carried away by his eloquent advocacy, are unable to follow his example. The situation is therefore by no means clear. The danger of civil war, we thought, was almost eliminated when the pacific policy of the Cabinet was disclosed a fortnight ago. But the growing pugnacity of the extreme Radicals and the Labour Party has supervened. It is a grave menace to the safety of the country.

GAGGING THE COMMONS.

SOME crimes revenge themselves on those who commit them, and not least crimes against the State. The Parliament Act, which was devised to gag the House of Lords, has succeeded in gagging the House of Commons. The Cabinet desired that their Bills should not be amended out of recognition by the House of Lords. They have this week discovered that they cannot be amended at all by the House of Commons.

Liberals, as well as Conservatives, have united in complaint against the Act and the Ministry which has done this thing. For Liberals the awakening is a bitter one; Conservatives at least have the melancholy satisfaction that they predicted nothing less. The Government have pushed the use of the closure, the kangaroo, the guillotine, the automatic time-table, further than any of their predecessors in their efforts to force legislation through the House of Commons; but it was claimed as one of the virtues of the Parliament Act that public opinion outside the House would have time to ripen in the two years when a disputed Bill was engaged in passing through the new legislative machine. We see now how much that claim is worth. Public opinion has ripened so far that we are on the verge of civil war—yet the Parliamentary machine continues to grind. It was claimed that alterations could be made in a disputed Bill, and the Parliament Act itself contemplated that alterations could be suggested by the Commons for the Lords to incorporate in the Bill: "Provided", says the Parliament Act, "that the House of Commons may, if they think fit, on the passage of such a Bill through the House in the second or third session, suggest any further amendments without inserting the amendments in the Bill". Yet this week the Prime Minister, the chief author of the Parliament Act, has stated that the further amendments, which he admits are necessary, cannot be suggested by the House of Commons. An integral part of the procedure has, therefore, broken down, and Mr. Asquith, who has more than once enlarged on the value of the suggestion stage, was forced on Tuesday to describe it as "an academic discussion which could only have one ending". For all practical purposes he repealed a section of the Parliament Act.

It would now perhaps be as well to repeal that subsequent section which declares that "Nothing in this Act shall diminish or qualify the existing rights or privileges of the House of Commons". It has been the immemorial right of the House of Commons to amend its own Bills, and that right has now been not merely diminished and qualified, but swept away entirely. The new procedure is to pass a Bill which everybody knows will not become law in its present shape, then to present another Bill—not yet introduced, nor even, so far as the House of Commons knows, as yet drafted—amending the first Bill; and then to see what happens. Constitutionally there is no precedent for an amending Bill to a Bill which is not yet law, nor could there be. The House of Commons has never before had to confess that it had not the power to revise its own Bills before they had left the Chamber for another place; but the Parliament Act has reduced it to a lower level than a colour-grinder's

mill. Whatever colour goes in at one end of the mill comes out at the other, but the machine which grinds colours at least has the power of refining the pigment that passes through its wheels. The House of Commons has lost the power of refining the Bills which it passes through its mill. It is a fit retribution for a Government which once boasted that it would pass a Bill through the House of Lords "without the alteration of a comma" that it is now compelled to treat the House of Commons in precisely the same fashion.

In happier days Mr. Asquith himself condemned in advance the procedure to which he is now compelled. "Once the House of Commons becomes a mere automatic machine for recording the fiat of the Government", he remarked years ago, "not only would legislation go forth to the country without respect and authority, but it would destroy the best safeguard for the permanence of that legislation". He has fulfilled his own prophecy; but it is now left for private Liberal members to protest against the Liberal Prime Minister's action. Mr. MacCallum Scott, who described the Liberal Party to which he belongs as "willing conscripts"—mercenaries would have been a more accurate term for paid members—admitted that "no one could disguise the fact that the rights of private members had been seriously circumscribed, and the dignity of the House limited by the manner in which our freedom was gradually being curtailed". Mr. Gladstone, whose historic name gives weight to his words, protested that the Parliament Act conferred excessive powers on the Government of the day, and stigmatised the abolition of the suggestion stage as a bad precedent and an arbitrary proceeding. The truth of that description cannot be denied, and as private members neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George would have denied it. But under the domination of the Parliament Act and Mr. Redmond their views have changed. Mr. Asquith now describes the Committee stage of a Bill under the Parliament Act as a pure waste of time.

Unless this process is checked, it will have a serious effect, not only on the good name of Parliament, but on the personnel of its members. Men of intellect find less and less scope for a career in a House of Commons where they can seldom speak, and where, even if they do speak, their speeches are of no effect. It is not likely the best men will consent to enter political life if it is to be the sole duty of a politician to get votes and to give votes; more attractive careers are open to independent men of energy and resource, and the House of Commons will be abandoned to the paid politician who will do as he is told, roar very gently against the Government of the day, and, like the Labour Party, vote against his own amendments rather than risk his salary.

The whole political situation has drifted into a paradox. The House of Commons, by grasping at absolute power, has lost its own power. The House of Lords, which was to be gagged by the Government, is to be invoked by the Government in order to make alterations in the Parliament Act Bills which are admittedly necessary, but which the House of Commons cannot make because of the working of the Parliament Act itself. The Government which rides it so roughly over the House of Commons that even willing conscripts murmur, is itself in the hands of Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Redmond again is afraid—he tacitly admitted as much in his speech on Tuesday—of a revolt among his official supporters in Ireland. Cabinet Ministers themselves see the true nature of the farce on which they are engaged, and no longer put in more than a perfunctory attendance on the Treasury Bench; but, even though they are absent from the House of Commons most of the day, they are not able to control their departments, and the power of the permanent official has notoriously increased in Whitehall.

This trouble has two roots. In the first place, Ministers have not a real majority—they are not even the largest party—in the House of Commons, and, therefore, are bound to obey where they should command. Yet, in order to keep up appearances, they command in public while they obey in private. In the

second place they have smashed the old Constitution and set up no new one, and the lying preamble, the pledge whose fulfilment was a debt of honour that brooked no delay, shows their shame to all men. They have broken Parliament to serve their own ends; they are now beginning to discover the truth of the terrible Caroline epigram, that no one has gone about to break Parliament in this country but has in the end been broken by Parliament.

THE INDIAN WHITE ELEPHANT.

LORD CURZON'S speech on the Delhi question, and the facts and figures he put forward, entirely justify the two articles by Mr. Fielding-Hall in the SATURDAY REVIEW last February. But, indeed, from the first, informed opinion condemned as a capital error the removal of the seat of India's Government to Delhi. Lord Curzon's experience is by no means singular. In the course of his thorough and pointed criticism in the House of Lords this week, he said he had never heard an Anglo-Indian speak with enthusiasm of the change announced at the Coronation Durbar two years and a half ago. Lord Crewe's statement that there is no adverse feeling in India is utterly misleading. The change never appealed to the great mass of English people in India, and the tone of Indian Press comment this week shows that opposition is growing rather than declining. The more clearly, indeed, that the consequences of the transfer are apprehended, the more shadowy appears its boasted advantages: the more real and formidable its drawbacks. In the first place, it is evident that the building of the new city will be a very costly affair. The first estimates were, of course, derisory; Lord Crewe does not even attempt to defend them. Lord Curzon himself probably errs on the side of moderation when he says the Indian taxpayer will escape very cheaply if the new policy does not cost him in the end some sixteen millions. That is a very large sum in any country. In India, where at the best of times the fight for life is severe, where no scheme of taxation can be devised which does not press heavily on the poor, where money is urgently wanted for irrigation, education, sanitation, and a hundred other purposes, the diversion of sixteen millions is a grave matter, and one that requires overwhelming justification.

In this case justification is not easily found. Right or wrong, the decision to change the seat of Government was an act of pure despotism. That it was decided by half-a-dozen men, instead of one, does not alter that fact. Lord Hardinge, Lord Crewe, and the members of the Viceroy's Council were moved by a warmer interest for the public good than Peter the Great when he decreed that a great city should rise on the waterlogged banks of the Neva, than Constantine when he ordained a new Rome on the shores of the Bosphorus, than the builders of the Pyramids when they laid their corvée on a whole nation. But their methods were much the same. They neither counted the cost nor assessed the popularity of their policy. The tyranny of an idea is revealed in the official papers setting out the reasons for the change. The practical arguments as to the suitability of Delhi are singularly weak. It is central geographically, but when has that been a controlling motive in the selection of a capital? Is London central, or Paris, or Washington? Its salubrity can be "ensured at reasonable cost". But Calcutta is already one of the healthiest cities in the East, a city with a death rate comparing favourably with many large European towns; while the "salubrity" of Delhi is not specially conspicuous, and the northern site, where the King laid the foundation stone for the new city, is officially condemned as malarial and unhealthy. The plea that the annual migration to and from Simla will be less costly and less inconvenient is scarcely worth serious criticism, yet so meagre are the arguments based on practical considerations that

this is gravely recited as a cogent reason for the removal of the Government from Calcutta.

It is when it dilates on the historic associations of Delhi that the official mind becomes inflamed with enthusiasm. Calcutta is a vulgar, modern place, associated with events of yesterday like the English conquest. Delhi recalls the epic struggles of the Pandava princes, the glories of the Moguls, the "most notable scenes in the old-time drama of Hindu history". It "enshrines an Imperial tradition comparable with that of Constantinople, or of Rome itself"; and its restoration as the seat of Empire will "send a wave of enthusiasm throughout the country". This wave of enthusiasm, so confidently predicted by the antiquarian zeal of Lord Crewe and Lord Hardinge, seems to have miscarried. Native sentiment is not moved. There was no reason why it should be. For Delhi recalls no splendid national tradition to that ethnological museum conveniently spoken of as India. To the Hindu, the migration of the Government from the Hooghly to the Jumna is merely a reminder that one conqueror has succeeded another. To the Mohammedan, if he thinks at all about the matter, it might even be distasteful to see the English power enthroned near the memorials of the Mogul rule. He may certainly be forgiven if he feels some æsthetic resentment over the rise of a mushroom modern city near the Kutb Minar.

In fine, the sentimental case for the change, intelligently examined, is as feeble as the practical argument. The Indian peoples care little about it. The English in India feel that it will remove the Government still further from touch with non-official Anglo-Indian opinion. Calcutta was an antidote to Simla. In Delhi the bureaucratic mind will escape contact with realities, and will lose the advantage of that wholesome heart-to-heart criticism which is good for Civil Servants as well as Ministers under a constitution. The French monarchy was described as despotism tempered by epigrams. Indian rule is routine modified by grumbles. It is not the least of the arguments against leaving Calcutta that the commercial and official classes in India will be still more widely separated. To the criticism that attendance at Delhi will be extremely inconvenient for the commercial members of the Imperial Legislative Council Lord Crewe has no effective answer. His imagination is so seized by the new Delhi and the "astonishing things" that are being done there that he can only vaguely suggest that some way or another may be found to keep in touch with commercial interests. Despite his profession of unrepentant optimism the tone of his speech suggests that the Indian Government is beginning to realise some of the inconvenient consequences of a precipitate and ill-considered decision. Delhi has clearly not fulfilled all the expectations formed of it. The mere building problem cannot be satisfactorily solved. The new town is almost bound either to be banal or absurd, and will probably be both—a basis of South Kensington with a suggestion of the White City. It is unfortunately useless, says Lord Curzon, to cry "Halt" to the Government at this stage. But if, as seems most likely, Delhi can never be more than the ceremonial winter quarters of the Indian Government, prudence would suggest some moderation in the programme of new construction. The white elephant has been bought, and must be paid for. There might be some limit, however, to the expense of its stabling.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

A FEW days since two columns of French troops moved on Taza, an obscure place in the heart of the Atlas Mountains, of whose very name the average European had previously been ignorant. Probably European troops have not operated in this region of the Atlas country since the Romans pacified Mauretania! But the occupation of Taza was no spasmodic and temporary demonstration of French power in the heart of Morocco. It marked the consummation of a policy cherished for ten years and actively pursued for the

last four. The French at last find themselves in possession of an undisputed right of way from the African border to the Atlantic. We are especially happy to be able to congratulate the French people warmly on achieving an enterprise made possible by the agreement of 1904 at a time when the memory is still fresh of the messages of goodwill to Britain which Paris offered in its splendid reception of the King and Queen.

The march on Taza marks, as we say, the completion of a stage in France's Moorish policy. Of the two columns only one belonged to the army of occupation in Morocco; the other had been operating from the Algerian border. It was in 1910 that the French first decided to enforce their authority over Central Morocco by an advance from both East and West. This progress, which was shown in the illuminating map published in the "Times", has been perfectly steady. Indeed, it seems only yesterday that we received the news that the Casablanca troops had established themselves in Fez and that Algerian forces had occupied Taurirt. And now the two armies are in touch, and the main pass across the Atlas Mountains is in French hands. It must not be assumed that the pacification of the interior is complete. On the contrary the French have only joined hands across the Northern corner of a vast region. But what has been achieved is that the line of French influence now extends without a break along the chief trade route East and West, and now that this great step has been accomplished the rest must follow. If the remaining stages of the occupation of the country are carried through in the same steady unsensational fashion that has distinguished the progress of the past four years, General Lyautey will take rank with the greatest of European administrators of tropical regions. Even now he must give a new direction to his activities. The movements of columns and the endless negotiations with tribal chiefs can no longer occupy his best thoughts. The economic development of Morocco has begun, and will now proceed.

It is the fashion to represent the commercialisation of unknown regions as a sordid business. In reality the process forms one of the most romantic chapters in history. Who has not heard of the fabulous wealth of the Atlas? The French will now begin to estimate it. What mineralogist of imagination would not be thrilled at the thought that he may take part in a practical scientific survey of the Atlas Mountains! The French do not lack imagination. They have already completed the greater part of a railway from Casablanca to the Tripolitan border, a railway which will soon give unity to their splendid North-African Empire and may one day link Cairo with the Atlantic. It is sad that Rhodes is not still living to read of the project. He would surely have wanted to see with his own eyes what was being done in Morocco, Algeria and Tunis.

There are two possible obstacles to the realisation of these hopes. The first—and the French themselves tend to think too much about it—is the danger of serious trouble in the Spanish sphere. The Spaniards have not been making much progress lately, but the difficulties of their task have been underestimated. The North-West of Morocco has long been a centre of disturbance, arms can easily be smuggled in to the tribesmen, and the international area of Tangier affords a convenient refuge for agitators. In our view the greater danger lies in a possible change in the temper of the French people. The result of the elections is not altogether satisfactory on paper. There has been a considerable drift to the Extreme Left, though the significance of the Socialist gains is somewhat discounted by the nature of the bargains made in connection with the second ballots. We must, however, admit that the wave of patriotic enthusiasm which carried M. Poincaré first to the Premiership and then to the Presidency is beginning to ebb a little, and we shall watch the constitution and programme of the next Ministry with interest. It must be remembered that no French Chamber dares to do very much and that it takes its ideas from the opinion of the moment. Will that opinion be shrewd and sound? We hope for the best, and we do not forget how persistently the best

qualities of the French nation have asserted themselves in the last twelve years. What is perhaps not borne in mind enough, either by the politicians or by the electorate, is that the character of a French Ministry reacts upon the spirit of French Colonial administration. The restoration of tranquillity in Algeria was not the least of the services which Waldeck-Rousseau rendered to his country; and to-day a strong Ministry would go far to secure the smooth progress of French courage and enterprise in Morocco.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

HOW many people nowadays read the improving works of Dr. Samuel Smiles? The question is suggested by the indignant protest of his grandson against misrepresentations of the strenuous Samuel's message to Victorian mankind. It came about in this way. The other day a medical theorist, one of those who delight in undermining the most sacred beliefs, threw out the unsettling suggestion that the very successful self-made man is really a degenerate, a thoroughly unhealthy being without a sense of proportion, and that his success is the most melancholy form of failure. Someone at once said that this was enough to make Smiles, with his "somewhat bourgeois doctrines of success", turn in his grave. Mr. W. A. Smiles, defending the honour of his illustrious grandparent, denies point-blank that he glorified simple money-making or merely selfish achievement of any kind; and expresses the quite reasonable opinion that the modern world, which tends neither to self-reliance nor to thrift, would be all the better for a course of Smiles.

That is true enough. Smiles was something more than the hysterical modern advocate of the strenuous life—the writer of the "Go Ahead" and "Be Something—Do Something" type, who urges ambitious commercial youth to learn shorthand and keep all the convenient commandments. Smiles was a good healthy Englishman, with an honest English love for the substantial—no despiser of money, or comfort, or worldly advantage. He had a wholesome English respect for the talents that can be turned into cash, and liked to follow his heroes from the coal pit or the factory into the best Victorian society. They are rather of the one type, these heroes—lavishly whiskered, well-nourished, respectable men one pictures them, men of what Carlyle calls the "beaverish" species; men who invent, make, or sell useful things, or, if they deal in mental wares, take care always to choose a line in good demand. As demi-gods they will not pass muster; but then the world was always poorly off for demi-gods. Few of them appeal to the deepest in their fellow men; to spend a month's holiday with the majority would be a dreadful ordeal. But they are good, stout fellows, with a fine stroke of work in them, stiff in backbone, dependable, and almost invariably respectable. Smiles, who proved his health and sanity by living to be ninety-two, revelled in healthy normality. Not understanding the out-of-the-way man, he wisely left him alone. His heroes are always consistent people. He turned his back resolutely on the sort of man whose feet are in the gutter while his eyes are on the stars. The soiled angel was beyond his ken. To win his approbation a man had to work hard, to live within his income, to do "good" in some concrete, easily tabulated way, and to satisfy Mrs. Grundy. And so, in an age which worshipped Mrs. Grundy, which regarded "getting on" as the main duty of mankind, and which had hazy but sincere ideas of bettering the world, honest Samuel's own success was great. His books went into countless editions. They have been translated into many civilised and some half-savage languages. At this moment there are probably black youths and yellow youths reading the story of Palissy the potter burning his furniture to complete his enamel. "Self-help"—it is impossible to pronounce it without adding "Smiles"—is a text book in Japan, and probably in every other part of the world where missionary schools flourish. The youth of England meanwhile seeks the source of

England's greatness in the picture palace. Mr. Bunny has superseded Dr. Smiles.

That the simple philosophy of "Self-Help" has lost much of its appeal to young Englishmen must be largely attributed to this other undoubted fact that the self-made man is no longer quite the popular hero he once was. By self-made man is, of course, meant, not the man who has raised himself from a lower to a higher kind of activity, but the man who, starting from nothing, has accumulated great masses of money. Even in America, where there still lingers a Sioux or Pawnee habit of estimating men by the number of financial scalps they have taken, there is a questioning attitude towards mere worldly success. To call an American a "quitter" is still the worst thing you can say about him. There is no toleration for the man who, in the horrible phrase of the American woman, is not a "good provider". But a certain pathetic doubt as to whether, after all, dollars are a sure sign of virtue seems to be assailing the American mind. The feeling is more marked still in the Old World, perhaps because it is wearier and more experienced. The fight for gold goes on as fiercely as ever, but with a difference. There is not quite the same belief in the holiness of the cause, not quite the same whole-hearted veneration for those who win. It is curious that, while the power of mere wealth is immensely greater than it was half a century ago, the respect in which mere wealth is held is considerably less. Disraeli says somewhere that birth, genius or a million are necessary to establish a man firmly in English society. The modern tariff must be a good deal higher. In truth, it is no longer easy for a dominating position to be created by money alone in any quantity. The owner of millions may be a great power in the city, or on the turf, or in some social clique; but it would be difficult to point to a single person who, in virtue of his gold, commands to-day the same universal homage the great man of a past age accepted as a matter of simple right. Plutocracy no doubt wields a wider and a more commanding collective influence than it did. To a large extent it gives the tone to society and influences the manners of a vast circle outside society. But the individual plutocrat is on the whole a smaller man on a more crowded stage. The natural consequence is we are no longer quite so much interested as honest Smiles's readers were in the difficulties of the self-made man's youth and the splendours of his prime. And we are sometimes unable to repress the suspicion that thrift and industry alone are an insufficient explanation of the success Smiles would have accepted as the natural reward of virtue.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

WISDOM AND JUSTICE.

By A. D. GODLEY.

MY old acquaintance, Philogeorgos, had defeated me in an argument, as he very often does. And (for he wished, I suppose, to offer me some consolation) he said: "You see, Socrates, you must necessarily be worsted by me in dialectic: for the worse and more foolish must always, you know, be defeated by the wiser and better. So do not take your failure to heart."

"Philogeorgos", I said, "I see very well that you, like all those who belong to your party, are wiser and more righteous than other people. At least, you always tell me so. But do tell me this—and I ask you, not because I am annoyed, but because I wish to find out the truth—how is it proved that you are wiser and more just, as to the affairs of the city, than everybody else?"

"I will try to explain it to you", he said. "Those alone are wise and just who are the people's friends: we are the people's friends: therefore we alone are wise and just."

"And how do you know", I said, "that you are the people's friends and understand their interests? For that is what you mean, I suppose. Have you been told by the Delphic oracle?"

"No, Socrates, of course not. We know that we are the friends of the people, and understand their interests, because they choose us to rule: they would not, I presume, choose those to rule who do not understand what is for the good of the city."

"I see", I said. "Then, if the people were to choose not you, but Misogeorgos and the Torii to rule, would that show that the Torii were the people's friends and knew what was good for the State?"

"Speak words of good omen", he said hastily. "No, of course it would show no such thing."

"How is that?" I asked. "They would be chosen, just like you."

"Yes, they would be chosen. But the people would choose them because it was deceived by bad men."

"Oho!" I said. "Then the people does not always understand who are its true friends and what are its real interests?"

"No, Socrates; it requires teaching before it can have what is called Public Opinion, and see thereby who are its friends in reality."

"And this teaching", I said, "cannot it be imparted by Misogeorgos and his party?"

"Certainly not. What the Torii teach is not Public Opinion: it is Wickedness."

"Then it is you alone, and the Liberals, who impart Public Opinion and the knowledge of the people's interests?"

"Assuredly."

"And it is Public Opinion which tells us that you and the Liberals are better and wiser and holier than other people: is that so?"

"Yes: for our teaching is like that surgical art of which you yourself have spoken in one of your Dialogues: it extracts the true intelligence from the mind of the people."

"So that", I said, "when it is extracted, they have none left?"

"Of course not, Socrates: do try to remember the meaning of your own Dialogues. What I meant to say was that no one can have a prudent judgment until he has that Public Opinion which we alone impart, and which teaches that we are his friends and are wiser and better than other people. And this, you see, proves the wisdom and goodness of myself and the party to which I belong: for if we were not wise and good we should not, I presume, teach people that we are. I hope the matter is now quite clear to you."

"Indeed it is, Philogeorgos: I thank you heartily. And I only wish that I could have Public Opinion too: for then I might see the wisdom of the Liberal Party, and belong to it, and be wise and righteous. But as it is, I have only got private opinion: and as long as I have only that, I cannot be a Liberal: is not that so?"

"Yes, Socrates; you are right for once. Private opinion never yet made anyone a Liberal."

THE MELTING POT.

By JOHN PALMER.

THAT Mr. Israel Zangwill is an intelligent and enthusiastic public character who, as soon as he enters the theatre, at once achieves the limit of vulgarity and silliness, I already knew from former experience of his work. Plays like "The War God" and "The Next Religion" leave a scar upon the brain of anyone who has suffered them. Nothing but an intolerable curiosity could have drawn me to put myself within reach of a mental suffering so immitigable as was inflicted upon me by these plays. But "The Melting Pot" had the excitement of a mystery. I conjectured that "The Melting Pot" was, if possible, an even more dreadful play than either of its predecessors. "The War God" and "The Next Religion" had made it clear that, though Mr. Zangwill might conceivably surpass himself in the intolerable qualities there exhibited, he would never outgrow them or produce in a theatre anything worth a moment's serious consideration. Hitherto, however,

the sort of silliness affected by Mr. Zangwill had not drawn the English public. It had not, in fact, drawn anyone in London save a small company of intellectual conspirators who will forgive anything in an artistic sinner provided he subscribes to the chief articles of their creed. But "The Melting Pot" had actually found an audience. It had even found the approval of critics whose judgment is usually to be respected. This was the mystery which only a visit could explain.

On the whole I suffered less from "The Melting Pot" than from Mr. Zangwill's earlier dramatic compositions. To begin with, there was the ever-increasing complexity of the problem I had come to solve. Why was "The Melting Pot" upon the verge of a popular success? In an effort to understand this incredible event I successively divested myself of all the attributes of a civilised person. I put away my sense of humour, discarded my sense of language, forgot my reverence for the immortal literature of the Hebrews, anaesthetised my intelligence, abandoned my sense of character, suspended my capacity to be bored and exasperated, annihilated in myself the last vestiges of reason, self-respect and emotional sanity; but even then I miserably failed to understand how any person could linger the performance out whose duty did not compel him to do so. The mystery became even deeper upon reflection that "The Melting Pot" had succeeded in America; for in addition to every general disadvantage with which Mr. Zangwill had burdened his play, "The Melting Pot" had, in America, also to live down a eulogy of the New World to which no decent citizen of the United States could listen without hiding his furious blushes or provoking a riot. The problem merely grew worse as it descended into detail. It is impossible to assume that Jewish local colour has sufficient novelty and charm to draw large audiences in a country where Purim is as familiar as August Bank-holiday and where the sanitary legislation of Leviticus is almost a national institution. Nor could the musical atmosphere be made accountable for the play's appeal in the musical city of London. The musical "shop" of "The Melting Pot" is at least fifty years behind this generation.

No one can be entirely unhappy with an insoluble problem perpetually intriguing him. But this was not the only comfort to be derived from "The Melting Pot". There is a limit beyond which innocence of mind ceases to be tedious. It becomes fascinating, as a branch of pathological study. One wonders to what extremes it will reach. One watches the patient with the alert interest of a specialist observing an obscure and dangerous malady. Often in the course of Mr. Zangwill's play an exciting speculation occurred as to whether this character or that *could* do this or that obviously impossible thing—whether the heavy commonplace trembling on the lips of this character or that *could* brazenly get itself uttered for the tenth time—or whether Mr. Zangwill's temporary obliteration of faculty would no longer successfully bear up against the intolerable strain. After an hour or so of this one almost began to welcome Mr. Zangwill's more successful strokes of imbecility with the satisfaction of a surgeon contemplating an unusually malignant tumour. Thus, when the hero of Mr. Zangwill's play had successfully dragged through the mud of his incessant verbiage more than one noble passage of Mr. Zangwill's national poets, we were perfectly sure that sooner or later, if our pathologic diagnosis of Mr. Zangwill were correct, the theme of the play being what it was, we should hear of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children; and we knew also that it would take the negative form. Therefore we felt a sort of professional triumph when Mr. Zangwill's hero took the stage at a climax of his destiny, and said in a loud voice: "The sins of the fathers (here we held our breath, anxiously solicitous for our patient) shall *not* be visited upon the children". Now we could applaud our prescience.

I have before stated that my hostility to Mr. Zangwill as a playwright is based on my objection to the only sort of blasphemy a critic can officially recognise.

Mr. Zangwill, of course, is not irreverent in any legal or official manner. His offence is not a moral offence at all: it is an intellectual offence. Mr. Zangwill is in intention a respectful and a serious author. He means well by the Scriptures. If he is urged to use the great phrases of Hebrew religion, and force them into the disreputable company of platform and Press commonplaces, of vulgar words and tenth-rate ideas, this is not conscious but accidental irreverence in Mr. Zangwill. He simply does not realise, when in "The Melting Pot" he asks us to hear the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour saying to the world, at the climax of an oration made up of the stalest phrases in our English tongue: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"—that then he is turning a noble message to farce and derision. If blasphemy be the inadequate treatment of a great subject, joined with a misuse and cheapening of great words—and a critic cannot see what else it can possibly be—then "The Melting Pot" as clearly falls within the definition as Mr. Louis Parker's "Joseph", or as Mr. Shaw's creed of the dying Dubedat, or as the descending of the stuffed bird in conclusion of "Parsifal", or as the extempore praying and preaching of the average tabernacle. Mr. Zangwill, in "The Melting Pot", is neither more nor less blasphemous than the religious convert who yells into our ears the story of his private and familiar dealings with God in a language picked out of popular love tales; than the preacher of broad views who degrades the clarity of a fine text with comfortable platitudes, rank with vulgar and swelled epithet; than any talker or writer who with a loose tongue or a flowing pen innocently smirches our common inheritance of great literature. My hostility to this kind of thing is in no way tempered by the sincerity and excellent meaning of the offender. Obviously he does not know better. Irreverence is always the offence of people who do not know what they are about. That Mr. Zangwill is sincere and means well is the more reason for protesting as brutally as lies within the limits of a polite vocabulary. Mr. Zangwill's sincerity makes it all the harder to stay him from repeating his offences against our sense of what is due to the themes he handles and the phrases he employs. I am quite sure that no word of mine, however savage, will interrupt his devastating incursions into the English theatre. No slings and arrows of outrageous criticism can touch the armour of so fanatical a pulpiteer. Sincerity like the sincerity of Mr. Zangwill is a compelling argument for brutality; for it is a menace to the community not to be easily diverted; and it removes the necessity of compassion.

I do not want to discuss the acting. Some of it seemed quite excellent, and I believe there would be a good deal to say about Mr. Walker Whiteside had he appeared in any other play. But one cannot help wondering whether there must not be something wrong with a company of players who can present a play like "The Melting Pot" with such perfect conviction. Some day I should like to discuss the moral position of an intelligent player called upon to delude the public with a stupid play. Clearly the line has to be drawn somewhere. If I were an actor I should draw the line at presenting Mr. Zangwill's hero of "The Melting Pot".

THE MOST MODERN MUSICIANS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

TO the most casual observer it must be apparent that in some respects music is moving with extreme rapidity in these days. Its forms are changing and shifting like storm-clouds in a gale. I doubt whether Beethoven would allow the name music at all to much of the work of Stravinsky and Scriabin; Schönberg's he would certainly treat as Romberg treated some of his quartets—that is, he would jump on the parts. Granville Bantock, Holbrooke, Bax and Gardiner every day attempt things that perhaps even Wagner would declare impossible and undesirable. The attempt at least is very desirable, and when the

attempt results in fresh and beautiful music—why, then, it shows that the thing is desirable. That the attempt is often in this way successful is a great deal more than I would claim; but certainly the vigour, the independence of old-fashioned models, the determination to put on paper only music which the composers have themselves felt—certainly all this must, later if not now, bring forth some new and glorious stuff. I have listened recently to a good deal of this music—music which if not always glorious is at any rate generally new; and in looking over some programmes now before me I am tempted for a moment to become garrulously reminiscent. Some readers may remember the gigantic “Wagner bubble”, blown and burst by Messrs. Hime and Rowbotham more years ago than all of us like to think about. On Monday night an audience as huge as the bubble, but somewhat more solid, invaded Queen’s Hall to hear Mr. Mengelberg conduct the Symphony Orchestra through a programme made up entirely of excerpts from Wagner’s operas. In 1890, when we scornfully rejected the term opera and insisted on having music-drama, such a programme was considered almost too daring; and the bubble-blowers shook their sagacious heads and said this could not, should not, and would not last much longer. Last Saturday afternoon Sir Henry J. Wood gave us the “Verwandlungsmusik” and closing scene from the first act of “Parsifal”, but he also played Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Bax, Gardiner, Grainger and Stravinsky, with Schumann’s piano concerto as a kind of intermezzo. Also, at an “extra” concert of Mr. Landon Ronald and his merry men a week before, we were given only the most modern music, with Liszt’s E flat concerto thrown in—to soothe the feelings of old stagers, I presume, who think music ended with Haydn. Consider these three concerts. Mengelberg’s programme was an exact repetition of the most courageous feats of 1890; Wood’s a reproduction of the moderate Richter programmes of that date, with this difference, that whereas with Richter Beethoven stood for the safe element and Wagner for the venture, now Bax, Gardiner and Stravinsky are the risky men and innovator Wagner has taken the place of Beethoven as the safe man; while Ronald paralleled Richter’s most fearsome exploits by eliminating the safe Wagner, as Richter occasionally eliminated Beethoven, and relied solely on the most modern of the moderns, as Richter relied solely on Wagner. Times have changed indeed; and now, if we want to make a guess at how far and in what direction the musical current has flowed, it is by Wagner and not by Beethoven we must take our bearings. Beethoven is like a star in the heavens, too far removed to serve us in measuring our little mundane spaces and distances.

Nothing remains to be said about a Wagner concert; the most ingenious of critics exhausted his stock of ideas and his vocabulary long since. Mengelberg is undoubtedly a very fine and original orchestral virtuoso, but at this time of day there is not much left in Wagner on which virtuosity can be displayed: the right and best rendering of every phrase, every bar, is known; and the virtuoso must turn to the more highly coloured and strongly flavoured music of to-day (or, I suppose, if Schönberg is chosen, of to-morrow). And, granted Mengelberg’s eminence, it is not, as it would have been in 1890, pre-eminence. Wood and Landon Ronald are his peers. Our conductors are the match of any foreigner in everything but opera. There they remain behind for the simple reason that they have not the apparatus to practise on—the stage, singers, scenery and theatre-orchestra. Sir Henry last Saturday was at his best in the “Parsifal” transcription—for transcription it was, solo voices and chorus being represented by instruments. In another transcription he was not so good; and this did not surprise me, for the transcription was not, and could not be, good. Rachmaninoff’s C sharp minor pianoforte prelude, indeed, does not bear transcribing. Some piano music suggests the orchestra; one feels that the composer was really thinking of orchestral instruments and their effects right through. Such music sounds well in orchestral arrangements. But this prelude is

pure piano music, though of the most modern sort; the whole battery of brass and wood-wind overstrained it to breaking point, and the bass octaves, for instance, which sound powerful enough when a muscular pianist gets to work, were thin and merely futile. The other items I will discuss presently; but I wish to point out that Percy Grainger’s “Shepherd’s Hey”, bright and amusing, does not stand a big band. The best renderings of it I have heard were at Brighton with Mr. Lyell Tayler’s small band. The New Symphony Orchestra is not so big as Sir Henry Wood’s, but even with it all the machinery of harmonicas, xylophones and the rest seemed to me wasted. The whole of Mr. Ronald’s concert was enjoyable, and his band has certainly developed into a very fine instrument. But I am not so much concerned just now with the playing as with the things played; the change for the better in the matter of English conductors is perhaps of less interest than the general musical current of Europe.

We had, then, Wagner’s music with its titanic power, its inexhaustible fertility of theme, its endless resource in development, and the sheer intellectual force and grasp manifested in that development, its sense of the beauty, mystery and terror of the earth and all things living and growing on the earth, its white-hot passion and its tenderness. To talk of the “influence” of this music is to misuse words. It became an overwhelming obsession; and its domination is shown nowhere more clearly than in the music of those composers who refused to yield to it. In terror lest they should seem to yield they went to the opposite extreme. Wagner rejected classical models; they affected to glory in them. He filled his music with “effects”; they excluded them—or, as Wagner said, refused to make them because they could not. His music was dramatic; they would have none of it. I attribute the barrenness of some of Schumann and Brahms not so much to a genuine admiration of their mighty predecessors as to this dread of seeming to be in the least Wagnerian. They were not a reaction against Wagner; only they kicked against the time-spirit which found its fullest expression in Wagner. In art it is little use to kick against the time-spirit; it was little use trying to compose “classical” symphonies and chamber-music in the second half of the 19th century. Had the moment arrived for a reaction against Wagner the men would have come forth with a newer kind of music. But the Wagnerian idea had to work itself out first, and the best music of the period was written by Wagner’s followers. Look at Liszt’s music, its bareness, lack of sap, of life; consider the absolute baldness of Berlioz’s, its poverty of melodic and harmonic invention—a poverty and baldness not hidden by fecundity of instrumental devices. Liszt, Wagner’s most ardent and strenuous supporter, insisted upon being himself and cut himself off wilfully from the ideas, literary and musical, that might have been a source of real inspiration. Berlioz, too, Wagner’s senior by ten years, and not naturally an inventor of new forms, as soon as he felt the force of the Wagnerian gale, wrapped his cloak tightly around him and obstinately refused to infuse drama and beauty into his music. The music of Jensen and Cornelius, on the other hand, slight and thin though it generally is, and showing Wagner on every page, is for all that beautiful and is filled with original emotion uttered in an unoriginal way.

The real reaction against Wagner came quite recently, and I believe its immediate provocation to have been Wagner’s followers. The disciples of a great man are terrible fellows to shout dogmatically, “Thus far and no farther”, and that cry was raised as soon as some of the younger musicians tried to do something a little fresh. Of course it is foolish to attribute any big art movement to any single cause. The incoming of the Russian school, the renaissance of opera-music in Italy, the more daring of the Frenchmen, the Hungarian composers—all these must be taken into consideration. But had not the Wagner enthusiasts of the ‘seventies hardened into old fogies by the ‘nineties and declared that no chord should be used that had not the authority of Wagner, no form other than the music-drama might be employed, that pure music must never

again be attempted, the change from the older type of composer to the type of Stravinsky and Scriabin would have been much more gradual. The damning, however, of Richard Strauss, not on the ground that his music was not good, but on the ground that it was different in aim from Wagner's, led all the livelier spirits to show that they were going very much farther indeed. Take, for instance, Stravinsky's "Fireworks". If I had not the composer's word for it that he meant to give us a representation of a firework display, I admit that I could not guess what it is all about. Mr. Brock, it is said, found the piece realistic; but though that gentleman may be an authority on squibs and crackers, I doubt whether his judgment on a piece of music is worth more than it would be on, say, the artistic qualities of Whistler's "Cremorne" picture. Schumann, I think, said that Berlioz's instrumental effects left a smell of gunpowder. Most decidedly Stravinsky's do not. But the idea of trying to do such a thing at all is an idea characteristic of the reaction against Wagner. We are offered no religion, no morality, no philosophy; there is no set form; the work is a splash of colour for its own sake. The mere sounds are exceedingly brilliant, yet nothing is vividly depicted. This weakness shows again the anti-Wagner spirit. Wagner, these younger men will have it, thought too much of realistic drawing and painting in music. Now turn to Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun". Here nothing is depicted, but a more or less successful endeavour is made by hints to suggest an atmosphere. The thing is subdued, delicate; formal melody there is none; beside the freedom of its form Wagner at his best is stiff. Again, we have Scriabin's "Prometheus" (not played at any of these concerts): we are told it has a philosophic, or, rather, theosophic basis; but that does not sound out in the music, which is a free fantasia, with nothing that can be recognised as melody, but plenty of figurations and two or three favourite discords used again and again until the ear is utterly wearied. The works by Ilja Satz, Bax, and Gardiner are all marked by this anxiety to avoid anything resembling a tune and to make the most of harmony and (pace Mr. Palmer) orchestral colour. A dozen staves served Mozart, but even Mr. Grainger, in simple variations on a folk-song or dance, must have thirty or forty. There is one respect, above all, in which the anti-Wagner feeling is shown. Wagner got rid to a great extent of the diatonic scale and depended more and more as he went on (or off) on chromatics. The younger school will have none of his chromaticism; Granville Bantock, Debussy, Stravinsky and Scriabin are all experimenting with new forms of scales, arbitrarily made up, all alike in producing a whining, whimpering effect. I take it, then, that for some years this reaction against Wagnerism will continue. We shall have little opera, but a lot of music characterised by weak, often fatuous, themes, by absence of development, in the Beethoven sense of the word, by miraculously clever spinning of an orchestral web, and by inexpressiveness. Later on in the century we shall know what the music is worth; but one thing is certain—all these men are adding enormously to the resources which will be at the disposal of the first truly inspired composer who may come along.

NEXT DOOR.

BY GILBERT CANNAN.

IT is surprisingly difficult to remember how one lived when station, opportunities, tastes, humours were so different from those immediately before one. Moral prejudices and predilections for a certain kind of manners nip in just as the memory seems to be on the point of a tolerable reproduction of old impressions and insist on some sort of rough and ready judgment being passed. The only way out of the difficulty is to assume that at any given moment you were living to the best of your capacity—must have been doing so,

or there could not now be the satisfaction in to-day which makes the business of living so immensely worth while. If you have not that satisfaction, then you will leave the past alone, and these words are not for you.

But make that assumption, and the employment of remembrance becomes delightful. For those who have lived amid beauty, so that their memories can easily conjure up a wood, or a stream, or a hill against the sky, and people a whole enchanted region with legendary figures, there is an ease and grace in recollection which must give their whole lives a kind of bloom. Then I envy. I turn into my memory and find it dark, windingly cavernous, lit only here and there by gleams. Perfectly charming people, wonderful grotesques, I meet, but they slip away round the corner, and they have no gracious relationships one with another. The Dolbys, for instance, kept a goat, and Mr. Dolby had a red nose and a check waistcoat; and Miss Fish had a long nose and used to wear a little dog round her neck until one day it obeyed a natural necessity; and Mr. Beasley was confusingly a riding-master and also kept a public-house; and Mrs. Nuxford did crystoleum paintings and wore imitation gold rings even when she was washing up, and kept lodgers, and had Miss Gracie Leigh living with her when she was Cinderella in the pantomime; and old Garside, the bookseller and phrenologist, who came to buy my grandfather's old books when we inherited them, and told my bumps, and said I should be a scientist. All these exciting people lived next door to us, not of course in our house, though in the first digging out of memory it would almost seem so.

We moved, like most of the rest of our kind, once in two years; just from one street to another, and these streets only differed from each other in having more or less privet and elder. My mother, who was born in the country, liked bright new houses; my father, who was born in a town, at a time when towns were worse even than they are now, liked them dark and old. Neither could stand the other's choice for long, and therefore we moved, and the practice has given me my large and confusing collection of next-door neighbours.

A family is rather a powerful organism. You cannot prevent its reaching out to find points of contact with other organisms, though you be never so urban and repressive and select and set on insisting—as most people are—that you are above your station. You can avoid other neighbours, but in modern terraces of houses, not Next Door. You can hear Next Door's noises; you know when the children are spanked; you know how often Next Door has a bath; you know the temper of Mr. Next Door when he comes home in the evening; sometimes you cannot avoid hearing Next Door's opinion of yourself. And if in both houses there are children, they simply, as it were, knock down the party wall and commingle. The two families, however reluctant they may be, even though they despise each other and quarrel, cannot escape a certain intimacy, and perhaps this more than anything else drives them into that constant moving in and out of houses which unsettles the minds and memories of most of the human beings bred in this our blessed civilisation. Such families as these, having no organised society or pleasure outside their churches or chapels or Buffaloes or Ancient Foresters, have a rather fierce desire to confine their intimate relationships to their own families; they keep closely in touch with grandmothers and uncles and aunts by means of almost daily letters and postcards; of their own kin they know the best and the worst (or they think they do), and with all others they would have them know only better than the best or nothing. Children, of course, make that ambition impossible, but their elders stick to it with a pathetic heroism as regards everybody but Next Door, and even there, in defiance of the children, they often succeed in setting up rigid conventions.

Next Door is really rather thrilling when the house is empty. Then you go over it and compare it with your own, though it is exactly the same, with the doors on the left instead of the right. And you watch all the people who come to view it, and judge by their eyes

and backs as they go away whether they are thinking of taking it. And then, when the paperers are in, you guess as to which of the viewing families has taken it, and when they move in you declare that you knew it was they all along. The empty house begins with a rather uproarious life as the new people settle in, and gradually it grows quieter, and you soon pick up and look out for the noises occasioned by their habits. The two families begin to interpenetrate, and quickly you have a real Next Door.

One learns. Next Doors are always windows upon strange worlds. Romance shines through them; but even more valuable is the lore one acquires concerning the anatomy of society. All Next Doors have relations of whom they are ashamed and connections of whom they boast. The Clibrans, for instance, held up their heads high above the poverty and mediocrity of Clarendon Street because Mrs. Clibran's second cousin once removed signed the banknotes. Because of that I knew about banknotes long before I ever saw one, and when I possessed my first I looked at it to see if it contained the signature of Mrs. Clibran's cousin. It did so, and I swelled with pride to think that I had known Mrs. Clibran in my youth, so powerful is the effect of Next Door pride. Another Next Door was the wife of a brewer's drayman and the daughter of a Royal Academician. All of them would brag of having fallen—though it might be through generations—from some high estate, and none would proclaim themselves on the ascendant. Our streets, you see, were just respectable, but not such as in their very names to convey any social guarantee. One lived there because rents were cheap, and the poor-but-honest must live somewhere.

And that kind of living leads nowhere, except, for present purposes, back to the contention of the first paragraph that it is difficult to recollect the life of years ago if there were in it neither places nor moments of powerful beauty. I can remember nothing vividly but streets, backyards, entries, a few characters outside my life and experience, a series of Next Doors—and they either moved or we did before any human fusion had become possible. A shifting world—one's own growth and hunger and longing; the grace of some beautiful woman; kindly words from some genial, humorous man; the loveliness of a child; occasional sickening brutalities, which yet gave a certain sense of force in that changing and sluggish queeriness; peeps through Next Door into other regions of society—at this distance from a more gracious existence it all seems sad. But sad it never was. I had a perfectly wonderful time, and when in imagination I return to one of those little houses and listen to the people Next Door I realise that they are nearly always laughing.

A PAGEANT OF SOLDIERS.

IS it wonderful that the Royal Naval and Military Tournament has won so extreme a popularity? Some of the best brain—and certainly the best muscle—of the Services goes to this yearly pageant of soldiers and sailors. We are able to watch superb horsemanship without feeling that these are freaks of the circus, and to enjoy displays of physical training without discounting them as acrobatic specialism. A little while ago the Army was advertised by the War Office in the daily Press, but here at Olympia is the best advertisement. Here the Services show, in a holiday way, what they can do, and of what hard, alert stuff they are made. The way of a naval team with field-guns in a difficult country and of a team of the 20th Hussars with its horses has raised an enthusiasm this week at Olympia of solid value to the prestige and popular fame of the Army and Navy. This annual tournament is now an institution of national importance. It keeps the quality of our Services before the country. Certainly there is no professional finish to compare with the perfection of these displays. They shame the carefully rehearsed effects of our stage. Even the complete amateur can admire movements perfectly executed, a

blend of almost automatic precision with elastic vitality. Rushing a ton of gun, carriage and limber over walls and a river thirty feet wide, though it is executed without hesitation and with accuracy at every point, is not executed by machines, but by men. It is something to remember.

The crowning spectacle at Olympia is the yearly historical pageant. Sir Mark Sykes this year again takes charge; and he has adopted for his subject the "Romans in Britain". This is a better subject than last year's "Restoration of King Charles". Too much is known about the "Restoration of King Charles"; and the picture tended to be crowded and confused. But next to nothing is known of the "Romans in Britain", and the master of the pageant has every opportunity here for a broad and simple treatment. This opportunity Sir Mark Sykes has seized to great advantage. Sir Mark is now at home in Olympia, and has realised that the way to make the best effect upon so vast a stage is to mass the players into groups and use the groups as his *dramatis personæ*. It is absurd to tell everybody in a stage crowd at Olympia to do something different from his neighbour. This only confuses the spectator, who finally gets no definite impression as to what the hubbub is about. Professor Reinhardt's method is the method for Olympia. Let everybody in the crowd express the same thing simultaneously. Of course, the stage must not have the appearance of a drill-room or parade. That is where the personality of the "producer" comes in. It is his business to see that each member of the crowd is expressing the same thing in an individual way.

Sir Mark Sykes has done nothing better than his "Romans in Britain". Three times he makes his effect distinctly, rapidly and economically. First there is the triumph of Claudius in Rome; second, there is the parade of a Roman century, illustrating among other things the celebrated "testudo"; third, there is the attack of the barbarians on the Caledonian wall—one of the best stage fights we have seen. The defenders really seem to be defending and the attackers really seem to be attacking. We would make only one serious suggestion to the producer. Why should we be worried with the Spirit of Luxury? Nobody hears a word he says, and he is quite irrelevant. The Spirit of Depopulation or Peaceful Penetration or the Conversion of Arable (to account for the "fall" of Rome) would be more historical, if any such spirit were necessary at all. Why not leave him out altogether? Sir Mark Sykes's pageant is perfectly comprehensible without a distracting chorus bellowed from one spirit to another over a quarter of a mile of intervening territory. Besides, nothing can ever be made audible at Olympia, except the band, which sometimes seems to be playing in three places at once. This reminds us that Sir Charles Villiers Stanford has written some music for the pageant, which blares effectively at critical moments of the tale.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.—I.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

SHAKESPEARE was out and out an Imperialist and a Jingo—that is one of the things I have got absolutely clear out of some thirty-five years' reading of the plays and poems. Shakespeare, had he been living when Mafeking was relieved, would have been out in the streets in person or in spirit. He would have Mafficked with that mob of which I happily remember I was one. Shakespeare would have been as hot about Russia's move towards India in the 'seventies as we were in boyhood at the time of the Pendjeh affair; and the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger would have angered him as passionately as it angered the most ardent patriot in England during the South African War. He would have known all the agony and all the glory that England knew through the Napoleonic wars; and he would have put it in national verse as full of fervour and pride as Campbell's or Kipling's, only he would have put it more

stately. Anyone who will not recognise this in Shakespeare, and yet has read Shakespeare with a gleam of intelligence, surely must have deliberately set to work to cheat or to blind himself; for the plays prove this side of Shakespeare past all dispute.

A good deal has been written lately about "Shakespeare personally", and Mr. Masson's excellent essays on the subject have been collected and printed.* I must admit that, though one ought certainly to value every fact, every small detail, about infinitely the greatest man in our history, and—Napoleon perhaps excepted—the greatest man in all the histories, I never could concern myself much with such a thing as the date of Shakespeare's birth, or with the first stage productions of his plays, or his family connections and the like. Even established facts about the printing of the folios and quartos do not interest me as they should. As for Shakespeare on the stage, I do not care at all if I never see another play of his acted. I know I can get more real satisfaction out of an hour's reading of "Lear", "A Winter's Tale", or "Richard II." than out of seeing any number of his plays on the stage. Certainly I want scenery for "Lear", and "A Winter's Tale", and "Richard II.", as I want it for "The Bride of Lammermoor", "Redgauntlet", or "Rob Roy"; but then I make it for myself, as everyone does and simply must do who reads these superb works with emotion—which is one reason, by the way, why illustrated editions of Scott and other wizards who cast their mighty spell over us are so uncalled-for and disappointing.

The facts about Shakespeare's life accepted as quite authentic, the kind of facts that would be good evidence in a law court, are said to be passing few. But can anybody doubt that the plays and poems are full of autobiography, full of Shakespeare's inner nature, full of his true history and character, and that in a hundred sayings and soliloquies he wrote down simply himself? My idea is that if to-morrow there were discovered a long life of Shakespeare by one of his contemporaries—even by one of his chief intimates—it would not give us half so good a portrait of Shakespeare as his plays and poems give us. Is not the colossal life work of Shakespeare incomparably the best biography or autobiography of him that could be written? Is not the Life of Christ read and known in the Parables, the Miracles, the Sermon on the Mount?

Shakespeare is of all time and races, but not the less Shakespeare, as I find him, is essentially, even arrogantly, English. He has not the smallest sympathy with cosmopolitanism or anti-nationalism. He is nothing if not insular. It is a very good plan to slip a small volume or two of the plays and poems in one's pocket and go away in mid-May for a few days into some intensely English bit of countryside, where the scene is a mingling of wood and old village and cliff and seascape, the sort of mingling you may only look for in homely England. I suggest the New Forest, which at this time is about the most blessed spot on earth. The apple blossom is at the full—every little orchard packed brimful with sheeted masses of the lovely thing. The oaks are all colours that chlorophyll seems capable of—yellow-green and yellow-brown and red outright and primrose outright; suggesting autumn in their amazing blend and variety of tint, but utterly unlike autumn in that it is all flushed and fired with the spirituous touch of new life and immense vigour. The beeches—one somehow pictures Jaques always in a forest of beeches such as those of Boldrewood or Mark Ash—are all nearly at their full foliage and present truly a wonderful brilliance of freshest paint-green. Yet it is still—thanks to some cold and grey days that have kept the spring in leash—rather the Fresh than the Full of the beech tree and of the season; so that the birches appear to the eye at a little distance as leaved with a kind of aerial grey rather than green—not the birches that we know in June in England. I suggest the New Forest, then; starting

somewhere about my favourite Knightwood Oak, and roaming at random through the woods of Setthorns or Sway, perhaps past Wootton or Holmsley, till you leave the Forest near New Milton. Thence make due south and strike across Barton Common, where the hot-scented gorse is now one great pageant of gold, a thing of almost matchless glory even in May in England, till, say, at Becton Bunny you reach the seashore. There, on ground still unbuilt over and lonely for hours together sometimes, one may lie stretched out on the turf near the cliff edge, and understand and share in the exaltation Shakespeare felt when he looked on the great grey rocks of the English coast. It is Shakespeare really, not Austria, who speaks of that

"... pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides;

... that England hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes".

And it is Shakespeare's heart beyond the faintest shade of a doubt that is in the Bastard's vaunt:—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

The bitter scorn which the Bastard pours on "commodity"—selling one's country's honour and one's soul for gain or quiet—is equally Shakespeare's. It is Shakespeare personally, Shakespeare the Jingo.

"The white, the pale-fac'd shore", six miles away, gleams out of the haze which the Solent or the British Sea wears lightly this day: it is the noble wall at Alum and the Needles, and is the same form and tint of cliff exactly which a little further eastward on the same coast one associates with some of Shakespeare's sublimest lines, the "dreadful summit of the cliff" in "Hamlet", the dizzy place in "Lear", where hung the samphire gatherer. It is the rocky shore of John of Gaunt, bound in by "the triumphant sea". All through Gaunt's praise of England and pride in England runs Shakespeare. That rhapsody could only spring from passion: no one can question it on reading the passage that likens England to a precious stone set in a silver sea—"this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England". It would be too absurd and futile to affect that when Shakespeare makes Faulconbridge crow he is not crowing himself, or when he puts into Gaunt's mouth the grand eulogy his own heart is not in the words; the whole thing is too personal and subjective for one to question for a moment that this is Shakespeare himself.

The rhapsody of Gaunt is a profoundly moving and significant page in the autobiography of Shakespeare.

The truth is, Shakespeare's nationalism is nothing if not full-blooded and robustious, and people who object quite sincerely to pronounced imperialism or patriotism or jingoism, or whatever it may be called to-day, must object to this side of Shakespeare. There is no way out of it. It is no excuse that Shakespeare expressed it in greater lines than are written to-day. True every poet who tries patriotic verse holds a candle to Shakespeare's sun. But the truth remains that Shakespeare's jingoism is as vehement as any man's to-day; whilst his voice is louder than any.

What is more, Shakespeare, it is clear enough, did not shrink delicately from the material, from the *grosser*, side of English character. "Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils", he makes one of his characters in "Henry V." say of Englishmen; and there is not the ghost of a suggestion that this view of his countrymen depressed or displeased Shakespeare. Quite the contrary.

Shakespeare's nationalism—which is not the greatest thing about Shakespeare, though a great one, as "Richard II.", "Henry V.", "King John", and other plays attest—burned a pure flame. It had nothing to do with commodity or selfish thoughts and fears.

* "Shakespeare Personally." By David Masson. Smith Elder. 6s. net.

Some people are born without the instinct of patriotism, or shed it as a risky or unreasoning thing. It would be ignorant and absurd to pretend that not to believe in patriotism is to be a bad man—it might as well be contended that not to believe in this religion or that is to be a bad man! Some hold that patriotism can only be felt by those who are well off—in fact, a sort of luxury of the rich and of the secure middle classes. A friend, whom I worked with years ago for bread and butter and argued with hotly, used to tell me that the poor cannot afford to be patriots—a variant of the view that a man must not be expected to be a Christian on less than thirty shillings a week. Certainly there is this much in that point of view—a man who is starving, or homeless, or feels that any day he may be clean down, is not likely to be thinking much of patriotism. But the feeling for England which runs through Shakespeare, and remains common to countless countrymen of his, has nothing to do with what a man has a week or a year. It might as well be argued that a man's feeling for the New Forest beeches and the Barton Common gorse and the white-tipped crests of the waves breaking on the pebbles below has to do with his pass-book at the bank. As a fact it is uncalculating and unselfish, an emotion and an instinct utterly apart from all thought of personal gain or loss. That is the emotion of Shakespeare when he says of England that it is another Eden.

HOW HE LOOKED IN AT THE DRAPER'S.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

"I was at the back of the shop, my dear,
But you did not perceive me.

Well, when they deliver what you were shown,
I shall not know it, believe me!"

And he coughed and coughed as she paled and said,
"Why—I didn't see you come in there—
Why couldn't you speak?" "Well, I didn't. I left
That you should not notice I'd been there.

"You were viewing some lovely robes; 'Soon
required
For a widow, of next month's fashion';
And I knew 'twould be awkward to meet the man
Who had to be cold and ashen

"And screwed in a box before you could dress you
'In the last new note of mourning',
As you defined it. So, not to distress you,
I left you to your adorning."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25, Amwell Street, E.C.,

9 May 1914.

SIR,—Since the introduction of the Budget we have been treated to all kinds of criticism with respect to its particular economic fallacies (where it robs the Peters to pay or benefit the Pauls), but in no instance has the writer seen a criticism dealing with its economic absurdity, not to say viciousness, as a whole or national contrivance to meet the cost of expenditure.

If the miscalled "Liberal Party", and especially its Chancellor, know something worth knowing, they know how to construct and engineer a popular programme. But this is the sum total of their knowledge.

Now, why is it, after all the years of what may be called "an autocratic officialism", that the same grievances with which the Party was faced when it entered upon office are still demanding redress?

Obviously, and without any ground for refutation, because the measures so far introduced and registered upon the Statute Book by the said Party have been impotent measures of social reform. The Government have proved, by results, an abject failure, and the fact of it cannot be denied.

As an embryo Government they undoubtedly possessed magnificent theories of reform, but a Cabinet could be composed of a heterogeneous collection of men in the street possessed of perhaps finer theories.

Dependence on mere speculative forms of legislation is a dangerous thing for a nation, more especially when every safeguard against disaster has been destroyed. Will it be realised too late that the vital interests of this nation are at the mercy of a Government of political gamblers? Speculation on the part of the captain does not keep his ship off the rocks. It needs both practical knowledge and skill. A volume could be written upon the impracticable measures of the present Government, and will be written too; but at its present moment we are immediately concerned with its financial feats.

We are virtually told by the Government Press organs that the present Budget constitutes a "masterpiece" as an instrument of redress of economic grievances.

Let us, therefore, first analyse its practical form. For instance, to complete the sum necessary for making redress, the Chancellor draws upon the sum necessary for producing the national income. This is what the foolish individual does when he lives beyond his income. To obtain his balance he sacrifices part of his invested capital. If he continues a fool he eventually becomes bankrupt, and the popular verdict would be "Serve him right". But, Sir, what would the popular verdict be when the nation stands in the place of that individual? The character of a nation which allows its Chancellor such tampering licence must, perforce, be the same as that of the individual quoted. We should not, I venture to affirm, call the first individual a fool, and the second individual (virtually ourselves) a great man of finance. It almost takes the form of an enigma how Mr. Lloyd George maintains his character as Chancellor of a great commercial nation.

What, indeed, has become of our true business instincts?

Granted that, in both cases, the amount of expenditure was absolutely necessary, it makes no difference, since there is a proper as well as an improper way of meeting necessity.

The proper way, for instance, would be to add to rather than take from capital which produces income. Suppose the first individual, instead of making inroads upon his invested capital, had made yearly additions to it, his income would have increased. Suppose the Chancellor, instead of further forms of taxation, had given facilities whereby capital (national, not private) could increase its income, the incoming resources of the whole nation would have been increased, and its burden of taxation at the same time relieved instead of being made heavier. The Chancellor who does this for the nation will steer us clear of national bankruptcy and will be worthy of the name.

Distress should always be met by a policy of permanent cure, instead of being fostered by a policy of penal taxation.

It all shows, Sir, that the Government can only be defeated by a thoroughgoing programme of social reform.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

THE PARLIAMENT ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Hursley," Honiton,

5 May 1914.

SIR,—To hesitate is to be lost. In this crisis of the nation Unionists must decide and act. What lies before us is the undoing of the pernicious Parliament Act. This Act never should have been passed. All the matters it is dealing with must be brought before the electors; of this there can be no doubt. I have in a previous letter referred to the King's Prerogative. I would say again that the right use of this is what alone can save us.

Yours faithfully,

(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

THE FRIENDS AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mere House, Newton-le-Willows,

13 May 1914.

SIR,—An organisation to which reference was made by "G. Crosfield" in your issue of 8 May has lately been busily engaged in the North of England sowing a plentiful crop of misrepresentations on the working of national service in Australia. The extraordinary point about this pugnacious and partisan movement is that it is backed by a Committee of the Society of Friends, who apparently profess that one of the planks in their platform is to oppose a democratic system of home defence. I have studied the history of the Friends with admiration, but regret that at the present moment a few of the less far-seeing men in that movement should be trying to stamper the whole society into thoughtless opposition to national service. Fortunately, there are Friends who are resisting this attempt. One most influential Friend recently attended a public debate at the Harthead Adult School, near Sheffield, and delivered a striking speech in favour of compulsory military training, on the grounds that it was the fairest and the least provocative system of home defence. He challenged any member of the Society of Friends present to stand up and advocate the total abolition of the Army and Navy. Not one attempted to do so. Then the speaker continued to this effect:—

"Then your whole moral case against national service has fallen to pieces. You must choose between what you admit to be the present inefficient and unfair system and the far better and more democratic aims of the National Service League. One of the first principles of the Society of Friends is freedom of judgment. I claim that privilege now and unhesitatingly vote for the motion in favour of national service."

I quote this notable speech because it proves that the Defence Acts Committee of the Society of Friends, which publicly associates itself with a partisan campaign, is not representative of a Society united on this difficult problem. I would therefore ask your local Friends to exercise their own freedom of judgment, and not thoughtlessly oppose the national service movement, which to many minds is increasing our national sense of responsibility, and is, indeed, a sobering influence making for the peace of the world.

Yours, etc.,

B. S. TOWNROE.

AMERICA AND MEXICO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winchester, Massachusetts, U.S.A.,

4 May 1914.

SIR,—Touching the comment upon the flag and salute punctilio underlying President Wilson's armed intervention in Mexican affairs, it is easy to form wrong impressions in regard to American sentiment. The average Englishman

has little conception of the exaggeration into which Americans are unconsciously led whenever the Stars and Stripes are concerned. As instances, two passages may be quoted from a single issue of the daily "Congressional Record", dealing with proceedings of April 21st.

Mr. Murdock, of Kansas, speaking in the House of Representatives on the Panama Canal Tolls, earned the repeated applause of his auditors by the following declamation:—

"I would make the American flag known and respected in every part of the world.

"The world does not know the American flag. It does not know the powerful, peace-loving, fair-dealing, big-hearted people the Stars and Stripes represents.

"Send it out to the world; send it out in peace, please God, but send it out in power, panoplied by the tremendous energies of the mightiest people of earth.

"O beautiful banner! Splendid in thy red stripes, that represent the red blood of manly hosts that have died on the field of honour that thou mightest live; splendid in thy pearly white, that stands for the pure hearts and purposes of patriots, living and dead, that have made thee the flag of the brave and the free; splendid in thine azure field, that proclaims faith in God, in justice, and the right; splendid in thy silvery stars, that light up the pathway to lofty achievement! Thrice splendid thou, O beautiful banner, for thou alone amidst all the proud standards and escutcheons of the nations of the earth, thou only dost represent a land where man may be free—free, with such abilities and capacities as God has given him, to work out his own fortunes unbuttressed and undeterred by class, rank, or privilege!"

On the same date Senator Reed, of Missouri, spoke as follows on the Mexican imbroglio:—

"The flag and the uniform are not mere cotton or woollen or silken fabrics; they represent the majesty of a great people. The flag of this country typifies the only real freedom there is beneath the skies; it is not run up merely as a piece of cloth that men may gaze at because its colours are pleasing to the eye. It is emblematic of all the battles that have ever been fought in the cause of human right. About it hover the souls of all the dead who have died in the battles for liberty."

If English standards were applied to these utterances, it would be difficult to choose language appropriate to their absurdity, but the point is that they are the most natural thing in the world even to the cultured Americans who are sent to Congress.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN S. HODGSON.

THE LANGUAGE SCANDAL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mamiaanshoek, P.O., Rankin's Pass,

Nylstroom, Transvaal.

SIR,—The dimensions reached by the language scandal in South Africa would become laughable were it not so expensive to the taxpayer. All along our thousands of railway miles you will find at level crossings two boards—"Stop" for the poor Uitlander, and "Halt" for the oprechte burger; and the fine new station at Pretoria suggests a charity bazaar with its multitude of duplicated notice boards.

Where they are on a par, side by side, the offices being close together and the boards large, it is the work of the world to find the right door, since they audibly direct you to either side of the place you want. Only in some places a niggardly economy of space compels one language to be degraded below the other; in which cases, I am bound to admit, the last time I was there the "Engels" was on top, though possibly since put in its place.

It is even beginning to invade street corner labels, as "Stick-in-the-mud Street"—"Vast-in-de-modder Straat".

Behind all the clamour for equal rights is Mr. Hertzog, and behind him, presumably, a malcontent Hollander clique with the Volksstem as their means of troubling the waters. Yet it was a Volksstem "poster" which sticks in my mind

after five years as a specimen of "Dutch as she is spoke"; only three words on the poster—"De Koelie Kwestie"—of which the first word is Dutch, but ungrammatical, and the other two simply English as spelled by the *Pink Un's* celebrated office boy.

Is it realised that for our trifling population we have no less than four brands of "Dutch", each the original and only genuine mother tongue? High Dutch; High Dutch simplified under the auspices of the Taalbond; the "Taal", or lingua franca; and lastly, a brand-new revised and elevated "Taal" in process of secretion by a self-styled Academy organised by Mr. Hertzog.

It sounds like harlequinade, but has its serious aspect. General Botha, at Nylstroom, confidently told us to look forward to the absorption of Rhodesia in the Union, which would no doubt restore his damaged prestige with his "volk". Now, Prime Ministers do not speak without warrant, and it suggests further underhand dealings with the present Downing Street Troupe, to be sprung on us too late to object; when, together with other misfortunes, the iniquity of English children having to learn through the medium of a parody of Dutch will be spread to what is still essentially British territory.

I do not desire to pose as a "Kaffir advocate", but with all the fuss over official recognition of the mother tongue of the "older population", why no word about rights of any sort for the mother tongue of the oldest population, seven-tenths of the whole?

Yours faithfully,
C. R. PRANCE.

WHITE MEN IN THE TROPICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Barbados,
24 April 1914.

SIR,—In your Notes of the Week of 28 March you quote Panama in answer to the question: "Can white men live in the tropics?" The Panama zone has been made habitable for white men at a cost of some millions sterling spent on sanitation. It is a narrow strip of country, about 50 miles long by 10 miles broad. If money can be spent at this rate in other unhealthy tropical countries they, no doubt, can be made as healthy as Panama. But is Panama itself so healthy as we are led to believe? No one would wish to belittle the wonderful sanitary work that has been carried out there, but nothing can be more misleading than health comparison by means of death rates, which is the method usually adopted by Surgeon-General Gorgas.

It is quite legitimate to compare the death rates of such places as London, Birmingham, and Sheffield, where the conditions are substantially the same; but to compare Panama with any of these cities on the same basis is utterly wrong. The population of any large city in Europe contains the normal proportions of old people and of infants under the age of one year—the two classes in which most deaths occur. Where are these in Panama? The population in that place is essentially a selected one, and consists for the most part of men between the ages of twenty and forty, every one of whom—white and black—had to be passed as medically fit before going there. Of old people there are practically none, and of women and children the proportion is very small. Those, however, who are there do not seem to be much affected by the hot, moist climate; and what strikes one as much as anything is seeing husbands returning from their work and being met at the railway station by wives and children in places where not many years ago it was perhaps odds against a white man living for a year.

Then, in this quite abnormal population invalids are not wanted. They are sent away to recover elsewhere. In a community of this description a death rate of 23 per thousand can only be looked on as very high, compared with what one might expect to find in a similar population resident in a temperate climate—7 or 8 per thousand for the latter would be a liberal estimate.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. MASCALL.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“I will give £500 if one hundred others will do the same”, writes a friend of the Boy Scout Movement who desires to help our Endowment Fund, and already sixteen such sums have been received.

“I will give £100 if a thousand others will do likewise,” writes another. Already sixty cheques for a hundred pounds (or guineas) have been sent, and we hope to receive many more.

There are said to be at least 300,000 people in the United Kingdom capable of similarly responding; is it too much to hope that at any rate one in three hundred will be moved to help us?

The occasion is an exceptional one, as the fund is intended to set the organisation permanently on its feet for work. And very good work lies possible to it, especially in the slums of our great industrial centres, where thousands of the poor class boys are never given a chance to start fair in the race for life, but are left to drift into unemployableness and misery without a hand to help them.

Yet they are human, and could be made into good citizens and valuable assets to the nation in their thousands were a little trouble taken to help them. And that is one of the steps which the Boy Scout Movement proposes to take, so soon as we can be assured of sufficient income to provide the necessary organising staff for the different centres; that is why the above challenge is sent by well-wishers who recognise the great possibility which lies before us, and that is why I venture to ask the serious consideration of my fellow-countrymen to this appeal.

Yours truly,
ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

“BRITISH” OR “ENGLISH”?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Herne Hill, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—Might I say a word or two regarding your troubled author in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 2nd inst.?

It was only a few weeks ago when Dr. Sarolea, editor of *Everyman*, delivering an address to a City Temple audience, admitted that he himself was once called to book for referring to the “English” to a Scotch audience in Scotland. He should just *then* and *there* have referred to the English as “British”, thus including his audience, which he all the time intended to do. But it is a moot point as to who—the Scottish or the Irish—are the most British just now!

Ever since 1707 (when Scotland entered the Union) the Scots *expect* to be alluded to as British subjects; and ever since 1801 (when Pitt carried through an Act binding the Irish Parliament to the authority of the English Parliament) the Irish *expect* the same.

“English” should only be used when we mean those inhabitants of England, actual or removed, and those only; “British” when referring to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, including, of course, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, to be correct, should it not? Then, further, the term “British” Empire includes, of course, all territory under the British Flag; but we never talk of the “English” Flag or the “English” Empire. Scotsmen refer to us as “British” *when they want to include themselves*, and so do the Irish; and when we want to include the Irish and the Scots—not forgetting the Manxmen and the Channel Islanders—we should do likewise.

I am, yours truly,
GEORGE M. COLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 May 1914.

SIR,—I have urged in print and out of print that the proper name for the United Kingdom is “Angaelia”. It embraces the English and Celtic elements as no other term can. It would also comprehend the Empire, and might be written across Canada and Australia; and India would be well suited with Angael-India.

The difficulty which occurs to "H." has occurred before to a great many others—that is, how to reconcile the Celtic "fringe" to a title that will not ignore their racial origin.

Faithfully yours,

H. A. S.

VILLAGE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

East Sheen, S.W.,

11 May 1914.

SIR,—There seems to be a curious double connection between the two words "mole" and "mould." Not only is the animal mole a "mouldywarp", but in quite another connection the words are akin. Skeat gives "mole" as an alternative for "mould"—i.e., a *spcl.* Example: "One yron mole defaceth the whole piece of lawne" (Spenser, "Faerie Queene"). Carelessly read, how it conjures up a vision of the brown heaps of fresh earth on the smooth grass-plot, the despair of the gardener instead of that of the laundry-maid!

May I add that all my life I have heard "thik" and "thikky" used in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and "mouldywarp" too, whilst in Scotland the latter is "mowdyparp"?

Yours faithfully,

GUIDA TEULON PORTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Hans Crescent, S.W.,

10 May 1914.

SIR,—“Mouldiwarp” (a mole) has many local variants, a list of which is given in Murray’s dictionary. In the south of Scotland the word is “moudewort” or “mowdewart”, and is in common use. Webster gives it as “moldwarp” or “mouldwarp” and notes its use by Spenser and Carew, marking it, however, as obsolete; possibly it did not form part of the vocabulary of the Pilgrim Fathers, but in Scotland, anyway, the word is to-day as much alive as the mole itself, and so apparently it also is in the north of England.

The derivation is Anglo-Saxon, and simply means “earth-throwing”; “mold”=mould or earth, and “weorpan”=to throw, or turn up.

Yours, etc.,

C. J. DUDGEON.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE PLACE NAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The writer of the notice of Baddeley’s “Gloucestershire Place Names” in your last issue expresses the opinion that the much-debated name “Cold Harbour” does not mean “a shelter without fire”, but “a wooded ridge”, and is derived from the French “col d’arbres”.

This is new to me, and it would be interesting to know whether the many places named “Cold Harbour” in various parts of England all stand or stood on woody ridges.

Yours, etc.,

R. H. W.

GAVELKIND AND THE PEOPLE OF KENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove, Sussex.

SIR,—As there is some agitation in Kent just now against the proposed abolition of the custom of gavelkind, a few words on the subject may be of interest.

The tenure of gavelkind was the common tenure of the Anglo-Saxons, and it now only concerns the county of Kent.

It was Henry VIII. who abolished it in Wales, and he was a Welshman, being a Tudor, and he or they did not like it. Under this tenure when “a Kentish man” or “a man of Kent” dies intestate his freehold property is equally divided amongst his sons, instead of going to his eldest son as in other counties. And this custom, which was allowed to continue by those who conquered England on the field of Hastings hard by, it is proposed to abolish by Act of Parliament for ever.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

B. R. THORNTON.

THE FRITILLARIES AT OXFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. James’s Mansion, 54, Piccadilly, W.,

12 May 1914.

SIR,—Being up in Oxford last week-end, I took a Sunday afternoon walk to the meadows near Iffley, where the fritillaries or snakes’-heads proverbially grow. Only with assiduous and minute search could I find any in flower. I did not see more than five in all. I thought they must be flowering late this year. Not at all. I learned that they had been out rather earlier than usual, and that the explanation of my not finding them was that they had been ruthlessly raided by troops of children and others. Were they gathered from interest in or love of flowers, or even from curiosity, the result might be as bad, but the deed would be nearer to venial. But they are gathered by handsful, and even by armsful, merely to sell.

Cannot some steps be taken to prevent this spoiling of a traditional and very charming Oxford summer show? Apparently the roots are not taken (on the principle of sparing the goose?); but why should those who have eyes to see lose the joy of the glorious clothing of the fields?

I am, yours obediently,

HAROLD HODGE.

OAK AND ASH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin,

7 May 1914.

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested to hear that in this part of Dublin—Pembroke—the oak got the precedence of the ash this year by quite three weeks: it was out by the middle of April, while the ash only now is putting forth little green sprays. The first swallow I saw was on April 22nd—Punchestown day—and the first swift appeared on April 29th. I know others saw them earlier in other parts; but this is in the Ball’s Bridge part of Pembroke Township.

Yours truly,

V.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kirkdale Vicarage,

Newton, R.S.O., York,

9 May 1914.

SIR,—I find the following extract in an old note-book:—“‘Miscellaneous Essays.’ Obelisk of Sesostris at Rome. From Wilcox’s Roman Conversations.

“O my dear pupil, though I am no prophet, let me contemplate, in imagination, the probable history of future ages. Two thousand years hence some foreigners will perhaps be going up the Thames in search of antiquities, in the same manner as Norden lately went up the Nile.

“Sailing by the ruins of Greenwich they will look at Flamstead’s hill, they will recollect the name of Newton and of other ancient English astronomers. How is this island degenerated!

“Rowing then along the widespread desolation of London they will pass though some arches of its broken bridges, standing in the middle of the stream. On the grassy shore perhaps they will view with admiration the still remaining portico of St. Paul’s and the towers of Westminster Abbey.”

(From “Annual Register”, Vol. 34, 1792. London: Printed for the Proprietors of “Dodsley’s Annual Register”.)

The well-known passage in the third paragraph of Macaulay’s Essay on Ranke’s “History of the Popes” is so similar that one cannot but think it based upon it, but as I have never seen any suggestion of this, I think it may interest your readers. Possibly I am wrong and the passage may be well known to you and the better-informed readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, in which case I would ask you, Sir, with my apologies, to find place for it in your waste-paper basket rather than in your valuable columns.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. POWELL.

C

BREYDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Great Yarmouth,

11 May 1914.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit us to draw the attention of your readers to the work of the Breydon Wild Birds' Protection Society, which has for upwards of twenty-five years regularly maintained a watcher for the protection of birds during the close season on the large expanse of water forming the confluence of the rivers Yare, Waveney, and Bure, and known as Breydon? Breydon Water is one of the principal places of resort for migratory birds, as you may judge from the watcher's note for the past close season, which we send herewith. You will see that we get such interesting birds as spoonbills (several of these come every year) and thousands of waders and waterfowl of all sorts, among them occasionally avocets. All these, but for the protection given by the Society, would have been liable to destruction, as, until it was formed in 1885 (under the auspices of the late Professor Newton and others), the Acts for the protection of wild birds were practically ignored in this locality. Although the expenses of the watching amount to but little over £30 a year, yet owing to deaths of former subscribers the present income is not sufficient to cover the cost, and we started the present close season with an adverse balance.

We feel sure that there must be many bird-lovers who will readily contribute to our funds when the merits of our Society are brought to their notice.

Yours faithfully,

A. R. BUXTON, President.

HY. P. FREDERICK, Hon. Secretary.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My intercourse with the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in Borneo, in the middle of last century, recalls the days when, as a naturalist, he roamed the forests of the Eastern Archipelago, and made his wonderful botanical and zoological collections. It was also a time when the theory of Evolution, of which with Darwin he shared the honour of being the propagator, appears to have first inspired his mind. In later years I saw little of him, but was aware that, as a philanthropist and philosopher, he held strong views on social questions, and in one of his last publications, "Social Environment and Moral Progress", his impatience at the inequality of man's fortunes, and especially the hardships of women and children who are employed in factories, or relegated to city slums, gave him cause for a sweeping condemnation of British institutions. But when he wrote that they are "rotten from top to bottom", he hardly expected to be taken literally; it was the explosion of a humanitarian who felt compelled to give vent to his compassion with the sufferers whose burdens he deplored.

Nature's ways of evolutionary progression work slowly, and permanent good is often advanced through stages of misery and cruelty. As past history of the white nations is a record of efforts which through good and evil times were weaving their destiny, so also are the present more highly developed and complex conditions now yielding calamities as well as blessings. Evils likely to arouse such sympathy as the late Dr. Wallace so fervently expressed are before our eyes; and witnessing them, the spectator rebels and indulges in visions of drastic measures for their amelioration. Many of these evils are direct results of the invisible forces in Nature, which have supplied power for an immense extension of industries unknown to a former age, in which unskilled and immature labour can now be utilised. With such evils, it is for wise rulers, administrators and humane employers to deal. The larger good must be sought in world-movements, guided by a higher Power.

Steam and electricity have for practical purposes reduced this globe to small dimensions, made intercourse easy, and communication over land and sea almost instantaneous; high explosives have facilitated exploitation of the earth's mineral deposits and extracted wonderful riches, which have given stimulus to enterprise and support to scientists, to whose

researches we owe the numerous discoveries which are forming this modern world, and tend to make this earth a brighter abode for mankind. And science may yet yield greater surprises, tending to lighten the burden of toil and to augment from unseen sources still left in Nature's keep means for making life on this globe easier and happier, with less inducement to crime and greater charity amongst men.

With the application of last century's discoveries to human affairs a new chapter began in the world's history. Its effect on life in the Western, the white man's world, is epoch-making. But their greatest significance lies in the fact that they will apparently promote the union of the human races. If it is the intent of Providence that the many causes which separate the races shall by degrees be solved, then it would seem that these invisible forces in Nature, which only now, after past ages in the world's history, are revealed in this age, are designed as a step towards the accomplishment of that union, for only thereby has it been made possible. A forecast of the conditions which may come to pass was made by Professor Pearson more than thirty years ago, when he wrote "a day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression, or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolising the trade of their own region, and circumscribing the industry of Europeans".

To the White World it may seem unthinkable that the coloured races, even those who had a great civilisation when our ancestors were barbarians, still less the negro and lower races, shall be admitted to such social and political equality with themselves as Professor Pearson predicted; yet the forecast has largely been fulfilled by Japan within half a century. Ever since the middle of the 19th century, when she emerged from her mediæval ways, she has progressed in the assimilation of Western knowledge, institutions, political capacity and military power at a rate which even the writer of the above prediction could not have conceived. But far-reaching as is the transformation of Japan from a secluded, self-contained, almost unknown Asiatic State to one placing her in line with the most powerful of white nations, it yet forms but a part of "the girdle" of races which Professor Pearson prophesied "will throw off the tutelage of the white, monopolise the trade of their own region, and circumscribe the industry of Europeans". Will the prophecy have its entire fulfilment? That is a momentous question: which for the white race seems to leave but two courses—the assimilation of all races on the globe or the Armageddon.

The result of Japan's victory over the mightiest of the white Powers, and the great position which the adoption of European ways in peace and war has given her, has moved the Asiatic races more than any other event in modern times; and is raising such hopes in this generation as were never dreamed of in the last. The outcome of Western science in mental and mechanical achievements is now open to all races, and with increasing intercourse follows interweaving interests, claims of legal and social equality, and such competition in industry as these races would be able to make who are overwhelming in numbers, simple in their requirements, and masters of regions which yield products wanted by the white for their food and industry.

That these considerations must in an ever-increasing ratio tend to bridge the gulf which now separates the white from the coloured races seems inevitable. And yet the hope remains that the process of assimilation may be gradual and slow, for, as Professor Pearson wrote, "It is idle to say that, if all this should come to pass, our pride in place will not be humiliated. We are struggling amongst ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as belonging to the Aryan race and the Christian faith, to letters and arts, and the charm of social manners, which we have cherished from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, and perhaps even thrust aside, by people whom we looked upon as bound always to minister to our needs".

The coloured world is awakening—the barriers which divided humanity are falling, and Western knowledge is

spreading over the globe. This problem of pouring "new wine into old bottles" on so vast a scale has never yet been attempted on this earth; the attempt may be perilous, but the fulfilment would doubtless be for the happiness of mankind. A race of men may appear who will be the outcome of the knowledge and experience of past generations, and have attained a civilisation which, under the influence of more perfect social conditions, will have redressed those evils which Humanitarians and Socialists now vainly endeavour to accomplish. The evolution may be slow, but without time no law or agitator can re-cast conditions which were evolved through centuries of world-movements.

Yours faithfully,

W. HELMS.

"HIM OF THE BOAR'S HEAD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

King's Lynn.

SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers could tell me where the following quotation occurs. The words are similar to these: "Him of the Boar's Head". I think I may have read it in Scott.

I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,

ENQUIRER.

MARROWSKYING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—All actors live in dread of 'marrowskying', that curious transposition of syllables which illustrates the truth of the saying that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step."

Such is the opening sentence of an article entitled "The Psychology of 'Marrowskying'" (marrowskying in inverted commas) which appeared in the "British Medical Journal" some time ago. A few months later a correspondent in "Notes and Queries" quoted the foregoing lines, and proceeded:

"I am told that some thirty years ago it was a word in common use in the theatrical profession, and should be glad if any of your readers could give me an account of its origin."

The following reply was made: "Whatever the origin of the word may be, it appears to mean other things besides the actor's accidental transposition of syllables". Authorities were then quoted telling us that "marrowskying" is synonymous with "medical Greek"—i.e., the slang used by medical students at the hospitals (Barrère and Leland's "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant", 1897, and H. Baumann's "Londinismen").

All this may be very interesting, but it gives us no information as to the origin of the word. If some of your readers would kindly throw light upon the etymology of the term I would feel deeply grattered and highly flattered.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM L. STOREY.

"MR. SHAW'S PLAY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In regard to above, your critic and the others fail to see that Mr. Shaw has borrowed practically the whole of his precious idea from Smollett.

ARCH. GIBBS.

THE DRINK BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pinner.

SIR,—It has repeatedly been pointed out that Mr. Wilson's yearly estimate of the alcoholic drink bill is inaccurate. Mr. Edmund G. Poole shows, in the "Times" of April 1st, 1913, that in the United Kingdom Alliance estimate for 1912 the average selling price of beer had been greatly

exaggerated, that mistake alone increasing the drink bill by £10,000,000. The drink bill should really be stated thus:—

Mr. T. Wilson's estimate £161,553,330

Less over-estimate in respect of
beer 10,000,000

151,553,330

Special taxation and local rates
(estimate) 46,000,000

£105,553,330

On a conservative estimate Mr. Poole gives the national expenditure on teetotal beverages as £107,906,105, and this figure has never been challenged. Surely the workman who spends 2d. a day on a glass of beer is just as much entitled to refresh himself in that way as the man who pays 2d. for a cup of tea; but, as the above figures show, less is spent on alcoholic drinks than on teetotal beverages, not the least of which is cocoa.

Yours etc.,

R. M. DIX.

A MONUMENT TO NIETZSCHE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

54, Russell Square, W.C.,

4 May 1914.

SIR,—In view of the seventieth anniversary of Friedrich Nietzsche's birth, which falls on 15 October 1914, it is intended to raise a monument to his memory on the hill near Weimar in the neighbourhood of the Nietzsche Archiv. A considerable fund has already been collected for the purpose, and any surplus that may accrue will be used for the support of the Nietzsche Archiv, which, under the guidance of Nietzsche's sister, Mrs. Förster Nietzsche, has done and is doing so much good work for the study of Nietzsche. It is likewise proposed that this latter institution shall be constituted an intellectual centre for securing that cultural unity of Europe which must precede its political and commercial union.

Contributions from all who wish to show their gratitude for the liberating genius of Nietzsche should be directed to Nietzsche's cousin, Dr. Richard Oehler, the Librarian of Bonn University (70, Königstrasse, Bonn, Germany), or to the Nietzsche Monument Fund, c/o London County and Westminster Bank, 109-111, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

OSCAR LEVY,

Editor of the authorised English
translation of Nietzsche's works.

THE CANCER PROBLEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

83A, Chester Square, S.W.,

12 May 1914.

SIR,—The steady but progressive increase in the incidence of cancer is now assuming alarming proportions, and the apparent failure of the methods of pathological research to throw any light upon the cause of this sinister progress renders it all the more necessary to increase every effort to find a means of prevention of the disease. Some authorities are now contending that cancer is neither hereditary nor infectious; but if such views are correct it is difficult to account for the frequent recurrence of the disease in certain districts and houses, and many are being forced to the conclusion that cancer may be conveyed from one person to another by means of infection lingering in houses or even in articles of furniture.

A striking instance recently published in the "Times", in which cases of cancer occurred in a single cottage in three successive families, seems to point to the infective character of the disease, and it is remarkable that in this case each of the occupants had used an old wooden bedstead which belonged to the cottage. It would be interesting to learn if there are many similar instances of an association between furniture and cancer.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES REINHARDT, M.D.,

Vice-President, Society for the Prevention
of Cancer, London, S.W.

REVIEWS.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

"Malcolm MacColl, Memoirs and Correspondence."
 Edited by the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell.
 Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

CANON MACCOLL was before all else a controversialist, a political pugilist, a pamphleteer: in this volume of memoirs and correspondence, his reprinted writings—chiefly letters, but sometimes extracts from his publications—outweigh the personal details almost as intolerably as in Falstaff's famous bill the sack out-did the one halfpennyworth of bread; and we do not regret it, for the correspondence given in these pages is of unusual interest, and the personality of the Canon did not matter so much.

Malcolm MacColl had the quality of push. He rose from humble beginnings. The son of a Highland tenant-farmer and a woman who spoke only Gaelic, he had the good fortune to win the interest of a wealthy lady, who sent him to a seminary at Dalkeith, where he qualified as teacher. After some experience as a dominie, he was accepted as lay-preacher in the Episcopal Kirk of Scotland; and afterwards, thanks to another good friend, entered Trinity College, Glenalmond, as a student of divinity. The pivot of his future fortunes and activities is to be discovered in Glenalmond; for Mr. Gladstone was one of the founders of the college, and it was on the strength of their joint connection with that institution that Malcolm MacColl eventually brought himself into touch with the Liberal statesman. Gladstone received his application, we are told, with extraordinary kindness, and so MacColl went on to the easy City parish with its plump revenues, to the canonry at Ripon, to the pamphlets and the rostrum, which, in his case, was more hustings than pulpit, to the friendship of some of the foremost men of his time. Lord Salisbury, Cardinal Newman, Canon Liddon, Dean Church, Dr. Dollinger, Charles Kingsley, and J. A. Froude are some of the correspondents whose letters appear in these pages. The poor Highland boy would never have enjoyed the rare breezes of the heights he aspired to and reached without that practice of push. He pushed, and pushed; and attained. He basked in the sunshine of the great.

It is, therefore, not without resignation, and is even with content, that we find the Canon snowed under his correspondence, which is, certainly, of unusual interest. The richest part of this stimulating book is the earlier, which mainly consists of MacColl's correspondence with Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. The Canon's political position at that time was rather peculiar. He protested, and his record generally justifies the assertion, that he was never much of a political partisan. He explained himself as a hero-worshipper, and divided his admiration chiefly between the two great rival leaders. His politics were personal; Dizzy he could not abide, Lord Rosebery he wept over as a prodigal son unworthy of a calf, Sir William Harcourt he regarded as a fount of evil. It is, however, sufficiently evident that MacColl's devotion to Gladstone grew and developed, so that, like many another Liberal of the time, there was no space for another star in his firmament. As soon as Gladstone retired and was dead his faith in Radicalism faltered; and we find him at last more or less believing himself to be Tory again. "Ex-Tory" had been one of his pen-names. Mr. Russell, whose sense of humour is not to be denied, must have enjoyed setting out the letters written by MacColl to Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. The pains MacColl took to keep in with both of them, while steadily they were drifting asunder, may possibly have been ludicrous to the ironies who sit up aloft. He persistently strove to justify everything to the other, and was sometimes put to queer straits in his efforts to remain the mutual friend. Said he to Gladstone, "I have let down Lord Salisbury more easily than my feelings would prompt, because I was anxious not to exasperate his party"; and in the very next printed letter, dated six weeks later, says to Salisbury, "May I venture to express

my sincere admiration and pleasure at your Lordship's masterly diplomacy"!

It was chiefly over the Purple East, as the poets and the thumpers in their perorations called it, that MacColl was most eager in his politics and his efforts to keep the leading statesmen in tow. The Bulgarian atrocities had shocked the conscience of England; the wholesale murders of the Armenians, nineteen years later, had roused such indignation and fury as had hardly been realised before. MacColl, who in the seventies had, in company with Liddon, witnessed some of the fruits of Turkish barbarities, became very like a pamphleteering tornado. He wrought, wrote, spoke, lectured, and persuaded. No little part of the indignation which overflowed and removed the barriers between parties at the time was due to his perseverance and amazing pertinacity. Gladstone was caught in the enthusiasm and swept the country with rhetoric. Salisbury, being, in the later Armenian days, more responsible and always of more cautious temperament, did his best prudently for the sufferers and for European peace. The characteristics of the two great men were never more clearly demonstrated than during the raging, tearing days of Ottoman severities and British indignation.

Of all the correspondents whose letters enrich these pages none shines with more honourable lustre than Lord Salisbury. Now and then it is easy to believe he must have felt a little wearied, and even bored, by the confident advice and determinate lecturing of the unresting Canon; but never was he in his answers other than completely patient, prudent, courteous. These letters add weight to and emphasise the rapidly growing impression that England and the Empire possessed in Lord Salisbury one of the greatest statesmen and truest gentlemen in history.

It is a pity that MacColl's interests were so circumscribed. He loved controversy on a large scale. The great questions of ecclesiastical polity sharpened and roused his pen and his endeavours; he seems to have cared little for the lesser concerns, such as social reform at home, and, as Mr. Russell confesses, his disposition was not pastoral. The Canon was no parish priest. In a way, it seems a pity that he became a clergyman, for his tastes were pre-eminently those of the journalist and politician. He made a large income from his contributions to several newspapers, and did not hesitate to provide certain organs with details of news culled from private conversations. Yet without being in Orders and a past-student of Glenalmond he would possibly not have won the valuable friendship of Mr. Gladstone; and there we must leave it. There is a worldliness even of nominally unworldly men.

It would be unjust to end without expressing to Mr. Russell some appreciation of the skill with which he has edited this work. Its illuminating contents will be a mine of gold to students of the politics of the past forty years.

TRACKING THE STARS.

"Dante and the Early Astronomers." By M. A. Orr
 (Mrs. John Evershed). Gall and Inglis. 15s. net.

[Published this week.]

NO adventure of the human brain is more wonderful than its voyage of countless years among the stars. Already it had begun when the Hebrews wrote of the "waters above the firmament" and the "nether parts of the earth", and when Ulysses from his raft watched the "slow-setting" ploughman. To follow mankind's heavenly adventure through the pages of the Greek astronomers is a task which fills the explorer with a profound sense of the audacity and the resource of the human intellect. Nothing is more calculated to confute the cynic who finds nothing aspiring and wonderful in man than the story of how persistently every thinking race has guessed and probed, searched and calculated, dreamed and become assured, painfully watched and toiled to know something of the moving universe of sun, moon and stars. What wonderful guesses at the true heaven has man made! Consider the guess of inspired Pythagoras,

who, long before modern science had put things to the proof, shook the steady earth from her centre and set her to turn in space. Consider the guess of Aristarchus, the last of the great intuitive astronomers, who suggested that the earth might actually be moving round the sun! Consider the patient accuracy of Hipparchus, who, long before modern science had traced in heaven the slow circle of the earth's tilted axis, found that Spica had moved upon the sphere, obeying that vast movement of the whole sky which now we call the precession of the equinoxes. The modern triumphs of knowledge assured to us by discovered laws are not more wonderful than this early searching and groping after the truth.

The fascination of the book before us lies in the vivid way, accurate yet intelligible to the lay reader, in which Mrs. Evershed follows the efforts of these ancient astronomers to catch the sun in a net and to bring order among the wandering planets. The author begins and continues on a different plan from the ordinary book about the stars. The modern astronomy book begins with Copernicus. We are told at once that the earth and planets move round the sun; the moon round the earth. We learn the laws; and, when we have learned the laws, we easily read the perplexing motions of the sky; understand why Mars stands still or is retrograde; why he is brighter to-day than he was a few weeks ago; why Venus swings east and west about the rising and setting sun; why the moon is borne swiftly forward as slowly she forges a path against the motion of the sky. All this is easy enough to-day. But we have to forget all this if we are to understand the achievements of the great astronomers from Thales to Ptolemy. We must put aside the vision—common to-day—of a solar system and the stars beyond; we must forget all that we know of the distance and size of heavenly bodies, and stand with the first watchers upon a flat and immovable earth, watching the strange and perplexing movements of tiny disks of light, regularly irregular. How perplexing are these movements can be appreciated even to-day as we plot the twist of Saturn or Jupiter across the Zodiac. When we forget the laws we have learned, and imagine ourselves with Homer's people trying to account for the perpetually shifting pageant of the sky by the light of our unaided senses eked out by gleams of intuitive philosophy, we begin to be awed with the wonder of this Greek achievement. To those who can rightly measure greatness of mind the system of Ptolemy, built up by the successive labour of generations of Greek astronomers, before natural science was invented, is a more splendid witness to the power of the human intellect than anything we have to show to-day in Dreadnoughts or telephones. What matters it that Ptolemy was wrong? He was wrong only in a narrow and literal sense; but he was as right in the essential things as Copernicus or Kepler, Herschel or Newton. He reduced the heavens to an ordered march. He showed men the poised earth. He established that the earth was but a point compared with the great surrounding sphere. Bringing to a conclusion the work of the ancient astronomers, he unmasked the great idea of the sky's infinity and of man upon the "isthmus of a middle state".

The tale could not be better told than it is told here of how this great intellectual adventure began and ended. From the time when men saw the sun as a chariot drawn through heaven to the time when Ptolemy measured it as a huge sphere with a semi-diameter over five times that of the earth, the tale is clearly and with simplicity unfolded of how men stood under the sky, watched, computed, speculated and dreamed. How intently even the common people of old watched the sky is witnessed in the familiar names of the stars. In these modern days of the almanac and the clock we are losing the loveliness of the sky. We wonder how many there are who know Arcturus by his fire or Spica by her ray; who feel the heat of Mars and the mildness of Saturn; who find in the splendour of the English sky in winter a compensation for dreariness below.

We have yet touched only one part of Mrs. Evershed's delightful book. Her study of Dante's astronomy is minute and valuable. Dante accepted the universe of Ptolemy for his "Divine Comedy"; and in the light of Ptolemy's almagest Mrs. Evershed interprets his voyage. We cannot adequately deal with this at the extreme end of a notice; but we would insist how clearly qualified is the author for this valuable literary task. She adds a thorough knowledge of her subject to imagination and a sense of literature. Dante was always most precise in his celestial geography; and the mapping of his way offers only occasional difficulty to an author who is thoroughly at home among the cycles and epi-cycles of Ptolemy. Dante, in the clearness and courage of his heavenly details, is commendably contrasted with Milton. Dante always knew precisely where he was in a universe he had thoroughly explored. Milton did not even make up his mind in what universe he was at large. When the Archangel tells Adam about the creation of the world, he has to confess that he does not know whether the sun goes round the earth or the earth goes round the sun. The Great Architect, it seems, concealed this from men and angels,

"Perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide,
Hereafter when they come to model heaven,
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive,
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epi-cycle, orb in orb."

It was a poor jest, if we must believe it, and mankind at the end has had the laugh. But Milton was covering the inconsistencies of his heavenly vision. Dante needed no such excuse, as this book most clearly shows.

A FRENCH MIND.

"The English Soul." By Jacques Vontade (Foemina) Heinemann. 6s. net.

[Published this week.]

"MY stress", wrote Robert Browning of Sordello, "lay on the incidents of the development of a soul; little else is worth study". It is a favourite employment with the romantics of to-day to extend this engrossing study from individuals to peoples. The enquiry is even more complex in the larger sphere than in the smaller. But what of that? The depths of several nationalities have been sounded; or, at any rate, the attempt has been made. And now it is the turn of England; *dux femina facti*.

It is true that no less famous a countryman of Jacques Vontade than Taine has been before her; but that was several generations since, and doubtless impressions need to be revised from time to time. Two years ago, moreover, M. Louis Cazamian set himself in "L'Angleterre Moderne" to explain Britain's evolution for the benefit of Frenchmen, touching inevitably in the course of his work on many of our characteristics; but the aim of Jacques Vontade is different. It is, if we mistake not, to explain the Englishman to himself. Now the Englishman is not seldom a puzzle to himself, and requires a good deal of explaining. Since, also, he is, as our author more than once insists, constitutionally hostile to thinking, he should be and we hope will be grateful to her for her benevolent intention. If this analysis of the English soul cannot be accepted as wholly convincing and conclusive, it is kindly, graceful and extremely readable; its conjectures are often happy, its home-thrusts never venomous, and it contains, if an Englishman may hazard an opinion, a considerable admixture of truth.

How, then, with this zealous and competent observer has error crept in? In the first place she has been tripped up by ethnology. To her our nation is pre-eminently Saxon. "The Saxons", she says, "absorbed all they touched. They absorbed the pirates, their redoubtable aggressors, and the Normans, their masters". Then why, she asks, do the modern English so little resemble the modern Germans,

whose origins they share? Because they live upon an island and because "even on the finest days there is fog in England".

We shall return to that fog presently. But as to the Saxon gift for absorption and assimilation, any such theory is challenged by our admitted unlikeness to modern Germans. Certainly it has been held by great authorities, above all by Freeman. But Carlyle, for one, thought otherwise. One recalls his disparaging view of the Saxon, as one who "lumbered about in pot-bellied equanimity". There cannot be discerned in that cumbrous figure the restless activity which has flung our race so widely over the world. Doubtless the Saxon element in the population exceeded all others, but it is at least as arguable that the Normans and the Danes modified the Saxon qualities as that the Saxons "absorbed" theirs. Then the Britons must be taken into account, who were not wholly exterminated. Nor must Flemish artisans and French Huguenots be overlooked. No, that mixture of races of which the Englishman is the product is far more likely to have differentiated him from his Teutonic kinsfolk than is his unfortunate weather. After all, there is no such startling disparity between the climate of Britain and that of Northern Germany; and even in France fogs have been observed. A further difficulty confronts those who would grasp and standardise "the English soul". The process of race mixture has not been effected with the same thoroughness in all our quarters. For instance, the Kelt of Cornwall is scarcely comparable to the native of Wessex, and the Cumbrian, who is very much of a Dane, is distinct from both.

But about the fog—the translator should have employed "haze" if the original is *brouillard*—our author has constructed out of it a fantastic theory. Because we see, in this island, nothing clear-cut and distinct, we are therefore always wanting to travel on and on, in quest of what lies beyond the haze. It must be said that her description of our national character is far more sagacious than her theory of its origin. Most Englishmen will see themselves reflected, at any rate in some degree, in these pages. They will encounter such familiar traits as that passion for active living already gently satirised by Matthew Arnold but lauded by Tennyson as "the glory of going on and still to be", as spiritual isolation, as preoccupation with religious problems, as love of comfort, and many more. In truth they might e'en grow weary of the portraiture, could they not turn from it to the lively Gallic mind of the portrayer, whose happy hits and happy misses, flashes of insight and audacities of thought are the best possible foil and contrast to the somewhat strenuous solidity—we admit the charge!—of "the English soul".

MR. SPEAKER.

"The Speaker of the House." By Michael Macdonagh. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is a story that once in one of the lesser Australian Parliaments the Speaker was called on to pass a resolution that members should no longer be named by their Christian names from the Chair, and that the custom of the attendants and the Speaker "standing" each other drinks during the sitting of the House be discontinued. It is said the Speaker took the resolution as personal to himself—as indeed it was—and threatened to resign as a protest against the interference with the freedom of the subject. The traditions of our own Chair are more dignified, fixed by centuries of custom, to the no small amazement of foreigners who happen on the Speaker's daily procession through the lobby, and hear the cry of "Hats off for Mr. Speaker". No member of Parliament can successfully defy the Speaker, who is the guardian of the privileges of the House of Commons as a whole; the member who defies or flouts the Speaker is indeed but defying or flouting himself. He is the voice of the House itself, the guardian of its discipline indoors, of its rights out of doors; the full

doctrine of Speakership was laid down by Speaker Lenthall when, falling on his knees before the King, who had come to arrest the five members, he said, "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here, and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me".

That is the doctrine. The privilege is to be the First Commoner in England, to be above party and be consulted by both parties, and in due time to retire with a viscounty and a pension. The penalty is to play schoolmaster over a class of six hundred, and to listen to the speeches. The Speaker must be the most patient man on earth. He must listen to tedious, provocative, assertive—even dull—orations. Other members, the strangers in the gallery, and even the reporters, may flee before some member's dreary repetitions, but the Speaker must sit tight. It would be improper to go to sleep—the crime has been committed—or to give outward sign of the weariness within. There must be something a little extra human about a Speaker's patience. But the story goes that one Speaker (we need not particularise), confessing his woes in private, regarded the tedium of the speeches as the least of the evils he had to bear. The foul atmosphere of the Commons, the long hours, the occasional "scenes"—these things troubled him; but even on the dullest day, he said, he learnt something new from listening to the unceasing flood of oratory.

Mr. Macdonagh, who knows more about Parliament from his seat up aloft in the Press Gallery than most members, has given us a history of the Speakership in brief, and short biographies of many of the great Speakers—Sir Thomas More, Empson and Dudley, Lenthall, Onslow, Peel, Gully, and Mr. Speaker Lowther—this last the only Speaker, so far as memory serves, who fortifies his rulings with a kindly wit that appeals to the whole House. The book is not exhaustive, so it will not supersede a larger study of the same kind that appeared a year or so ago by another hand, but it is well written and shows considerable research in Parliamentary records.

TWO SCHOLARLY STUDIES.

"Early Wars of Wessex." By Albany F. Major. Edited by the late C. W. Whistler. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

"Kindred and Clan." By Bertha Surtees Phillpotts, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

IN "The Early Wars of Wessex" Mr. A. F. Major, notably aided by the late Rev. C. W. Whistler, has spread a rich feast for students of early English history. His study, which handles with equal boldness and caution a series of thorny historical problems, is divided into three parts—I., The Founding and Rise of Wessex; II., Wessex and the Danes; III., The Wessex Campaigns of 876-8 A.D. What distinguishes Mr. Major from nearly all his predecessors is his intimate knowledge of west country topography and a rare faculty for reconstructing the features of a bygone primitive landscape. With the two excellent maps he supplies—(a) The boundaries and principal earthworks of Wessex, (b) Mid-Somerset, showing the Danish settlements and King Alfred's campaign from Athelney, his readers will have no difficulty in following his critical reconstruction of the obscure history of the slow Saxon conquest of Wessex, and of the later Danish invasions, from the ninth century to Cnut's triumph. With Sir Henry Howorth's revolutionary theory, which postulates the Saxons' settlements in South Britain by at least a hundred years, discounts the story of Cerdic's landing in 495 as visionary, and argues that Wessex was originally colonised by the Saxons advancing up the Thames Valley with a first capital in Oxfordshire, Mr. Major will have nothing to do. On the contrary, he holds fast by the "Anglo-Saxon

Chronicle", whose version he maintains is upheld by "the military and strategical requirements, and confirmed where it can be checked by topographical and archaeological evidence". No doubt we shall witness some fierce fighting when Professor Oman and his school renew their attack on Mr. Major's strongly entrenched position.

So many are the points of interest of this fascinating volume that one hesitates before picking out this or that for momentary notice. Of general interest, however, is Mr. Major's emphasised conclusion that the obstinate resistance of Wessex to the Danes, to whose forces Mercia and Northumbria so quickly succumbed, was due to her lengthy, continuous experience of warfare, in reducing the British of Dyvnaint—i.e., Somerset and Devon. Chapter III. summarises in masterly style the military and topographical data which define the frontier between Wessex and Dyvnaint and show the formidable fortifications of the latter. Our author calculates that it took Wessex at least one hundred and seventy years to conquer and absorb Dyvnaint, say from 625-822, when Egberht won a decisive victory at Gafulford and rapidly extended his kingdom. "The western Wessex frontier was for two centuries practically the school of arms for England", Mr. Major declares, and "Egberht had learnt the art of war with the greatest leader in Europe—Charlemagne". And Egberht's mantle was to fall on Alfred, who in his campaign of 876-8 against Guthrum, had levies of Wessex veterans at his back. Here we must say positively that in our judgment Mr. Major has for good and all destroyed the theory that would place Ethandun in Wiltshire. He denies the validity of any conjecture that would "justify belief in bases of operation sixty or more miles across forest country". Taking the fen fortress of Borough Mump, a steep conical hill on the eastern bank of the Parrett, a mile from the Isle of Athelney as Alfred's basis, he traces Alfred's march from Selwood to Butley and thence along the ridge of the Poldens, where at Edginton Hill he places the Danish entrenchments. He conjectures that Alfred seized "a higher shoulder of the ridge", surprising the Danes, who, after a long and hard-fought battle, retreated, as the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" tells us, to their stronghold, viz., at Downend, where they were blockaded, and surrendered in a fortnight. The military arguments are worked out with great thoroughness, but Mr. Major, unless we are mistaken, makes no reference to any excavations having been made on the battlefield of Edginton itself, as distinct from the Downend fortress. And this is surely most desirable?

While her title, we fear, is likely to put many readers on a wrong track, Miss Phillpotts's learned study of the survival of the kindred-system "In the Middle Ages and After", is likely to hold the field, indeed, to have the field to itself. Miss Phillpotts's scholarship is so wide, her examination of the evidence yielded by a representative body of mediæval documents, legal, literary, genealogical, etc., so close, and her assimilation of the researches of leading Continental authorities so thorough, that we doubt if any Englishman will do more than dispute some of her conclusions in detail. She apparently recognises that the ground she traverses is somewhat too extensive, and we could wish that she had made some concessions to the weakness of the "general reader" by supplying a picturesque sketch of the social workings of kinship-solidarity in a given society, say in mediæval Sweden. But her general enquiry involves answers to two most interesting questions: (a) in which mediæval state "did kinship-solidarity survive largest and thrive best?" and (b) what was the cause of the break-up of the kindreds? After a detailed examination of various "customary laws", records of local courts, registers of fines, and contemporary literature available—and her area includes "the districts continuously occupied by the Teutonic races since the Viking Age"—viz., the major portion of Northern Europe—Miss Phillpotts summarises her conclusions in a masterly thirty pages. We cannot do more here than quote some of her main

conclusions (i.) that the Teutonic kindred-system persisted longest in "the original home" of the Teutonic race; (ii.) that "the main disintegrating factor in the case of the Teutonic kindreds was migration, and especially migration by sea"; (iii.) "where cohesive kindreds persist into the later Middle Ages, there the peasant or townsman tends to be free"; (iv.) "where the solidarity of the kindred disappears early there the liberty of the individual suffers and seigniorial rights make their appearance". For her last conclusion she relies not a little on the striking case of Iceland, where the kindred-system was not transported by the immigrants, and where a few noble families comparatively soon usurped power. But is it not an exaggeration to say, "within a few years of the settlement, every landowner, unless himself a chief, had a lord to whom he owed military and other service, and the courts of justice were more seigniorial than popular in character"? The evidence of the early Sagas surely scarcely bears this out? Miss Phillpotts's diagnosis of the cause of the instability of the Icelandic constitution, "because it had lost both the factors, the kindred and the King, which made for permanence and cohesion in the ancient order", will not, however, be questioned, we imagine, by any historical student.

THE LAST THINGS.

"The Eschatology of Jesus." By H. Latimer Jackson, D.D. Macmillan. 5s.

IN the "unparalleled disintegration" and flux of doctrinal belief which the Bishop of Oxford remarks is going on to-day in England, the Bishops' examining chaplains seem to be taking a remarkable part. Dr. Jackson frankly discusses the problem of how Liberal thinkers can honestly minister in a Church which retains ancient Creeds. The only answer he finds is that "no inherent sanctity attaches to the Creeds in the mind of the Church", which subordinates them to Holy Scripture, which again used to be considered as in every line "the most true Word of God", but is now only considered so by "belated pietists". The "eschatological husk", he admits, runs all through the confessions and worship of the Church—he curiously forgets to mention the "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge" of the "Te Deum"—and was "a legacy bequeathed by Jesus to His disciples, inspiring the early Church, firing the hopes of St. Paul, and from earliest days regarded as inseparable from the Person of the testator". But if a clergyman believes in a life beyond the grave and the ultimate triumph of God's cause, he has got the kernel of Christ's teaching. Besides the Second Advent and Last Judgment, however, Dr. Jackson seems to claim the right to disbelieve in the Incarnation of God the Son, of one substance with the Father, in the Virgin Birth, the bodily Resurrection, the Ascension, and in miracle generally, together with much else that forms part of the Christian deposit. Of the New Testament he leaves only rags and tatters. The SATURDAY REVIEW is not a theological journal, but the laity have an intimate concern in the truth of the things set weekly before them and the sincerity of their teachers. At present they are somewhat bewildered and not a little scandalised.

Principally, of course, are all Christians intensely concerned with the Person of Christ. This, observes Dr. Jackson, is the central problem of the future. Who was He? Who is He? Not mere man, Dr. Jackson feels sure, else the adoring worship paid to Him were utterly irrational and impious. He made the most tremendous claims for Himself. Must He not then have been superior to all creatures, uniquely related to God, though distinct from Him, and not safely to be called "God the Son"? And there the question is left, apparently with an Arian answer—Christ some kind of demigod, possessing divinity but not Deity. "The problem of His Person is unsolved and probably insoluble", although "even the earliest Evangelist sets out from an already definite Christ-

ology". Even to Himself "Jesus was an enigma, unable to define Himself"—not, indeed, in the Fourth Evangelist, whose Christ, the glorious object of his spiritual vision, is "never at a loss with regard to His own identity". But this is "not the historical Jesus". Surely, however, attempts to get behind the theological Christ to the "simple Galilean Figure" belong to that old-fashioned Liberal Protestantism which recent scholarship has so thoroughly discredited.

Are we right then in speaking of "Jesus Christ"? Jesus "discovered the Messiah in Himself" and adopted the ancient title of the Christ. He did not "spiritualise" the Messianic Kingdom, which was to Him quite real and essentially Jewish; yet the wider conceptions put into His lips by the Evangelists were perhaps present to His mind, and He rejected the title "Son of David". In fact His ideas became less and less earthly or nationalistic, and more and more apocalyptic and universalist. "The Messiah of His conception is the pre-existent, superhuman, all-glorious being who shall come in the clouds of heaven attended by an angel train." Eventually, after much uncertainty and hesitation, He reluctantly adopted the familiar title "Son of Man"—to be distinguished from the Danielic "Son of Man", an expression for the Israelite people—but added to it the new idea of a suffering Saviour. The "Kingdom" which He taught His disciples to pray might "come" "lay wholly in the domain of the miraculous" and the portentous, and was immediately expected. Christ did not for a moment contemplate Himself as founder of an institutional Church stretching through long ages of history. St. John and St. Paul, however, boldly transmuted the local and somewhat material form and vesture of these ideas, and their fantastic phraseology, into profounder and more spiritual conceptions—the Fourth Evangelist especially "treats his Master's Sayings with a very free hand"—and in their re-casting "Jesus's own hope for the future fell to the ground, and was replaced by another, with which it had nothing in common". In the same way Christ's fixed belief in a bodily resurrection is over-ruled by the Fourth Gospel—Dr. Jackson apologises for the limitations of a Teacher who lived "in a far-distant past and was the child of His own race and period": the kenosis theory of a voluntary self-restraint he dismisses. As for the Messiahship, it was a "dangerous term to play with", and having adopted the title "Christ", Jesus "bore it as a heavy burden almost to the end of His life". The Agony in Gethsemane, if authentic, is described as "a terror-stricken eagerness to escape His fate". Dr. Jackson does not adopt Schweitzer's phrase "a deluded enthusiast", but he considers that the only one of the Seven Words from the Cross which is genuine is the despairing "Eloi, Eloi!"—a grim contrast to those early Messianic hopes enshrined in the sweet "Lucan idylls" of the Nativity. The penitent thief, by the bye, disappears from the reconstructed story, and angels, good or bad, were an importation from the East.

We do not know how much of these and other "interpretations" of "Christ's message" Dr. Jackson proposes to Ordination candidates. He does not go the length of some recent critics, "as ruthless as a baby with a worm". Yet his book gives the impression that all that is authentic of the old Scriptural Christianity might be written on a half sheet of note-paper. We hear much about the embroidering and idealising habits, the gilding and colouring, of the sacred writers, but no one, we believe, doubts the genuineness of words like these—"Let not your heart be troubled. I will come again and receive you unto Myself". Such consoling promise, however, we are now invited to believe, was based on delusion, and never destined to be fulfilled. What then can simple Christian people put trust in, if not in that? Christianity is certainly at the cross-roads—and yet nearly all these speculations are pure guess-work, pushed in one direction by an intense prejudice against supernaturalism in religion. It is otherwise with criticism of the date and authorship of the books of the Bible,

a really scientific process which has had surprisingly conservative results. Recent Christology, on the other hand, shows at every turn a democratic jealousy of a Christ who was not just "one of us", sharing every weakness and disability of His fellows. Here, for example, the teachings of One to whom Christians have hitherto listened as the infallible Revealer are always referred to as the opinions, views, ideas, conceptions, beliefs, persuasions of a Jesus who gropes His way stumblingly towards truth.

Modern research has no doubt done good service to religion by showing the relation of Christianity to its environment and to earlier literature, both canonical and apocryphal. A valuable feature of Dr. Jackson's book is the examination of the eschatological ideas contained in the Jewish Apocalypses which have only lately become accessible. Christ purged and transmuted this material, and set His seal on the permanent elements in it. The view of the older Liberalism that He came as a mere teacher of a morality which was gradually to leaven the ages is now exploded, and it is acknowledged that the Saviour appeared to warn men to flee from wrath to come and find refuge in His Kingdom. There was to be a catastrophic end of all things, and bringing in of a New Age. It is natural then to ask, Was it all a terrible mistake? The answer is not, perhaps, free from perplexity. But the fact that the primitive Christians—among whom there were many asking, Where is the promise of His Coming?—came to understand that the time was not yet, without any violent shock to their faith, proves that there was to them another aspect of the Gospel. The destruction of Jerusalem also explained many things. And indeed there is much in Christ's teaching which seems wholly irreconcilable with the idea of an immediately impending cataclysm involving all mankind.

NOVELS.

"Heroines and Others." By St. John Lucas. Blackwood. 6s.

[Published this week.]

THERE would seem to be something like a revival of interest in the short story. Only a few years back publishers asserted that short stories were a drug in the market. The public did not want them. It seems that this conviction no longer holds. The volume of short stories has been a feature, and we believe a very successful feature, of this year's publishing. We trust that the idea is dead that this kind of work will not sell. It would indeed be a reproach to the reading public who care for good work if this new book by Mr. St. John Lucas were neglected because his particular talent lies in the direction of the short story rather than the long novel. He has gaiety and humour, an undercurrent of irony, and keen powers of observation. He has a frugal close-cut style that suggests rather than reveals. He is particularly happy in his treatment of men and women out of the ordinary, of those a trifle "queer", perhaps. The "heroines" of this book are not quite like other people.

"It's a funny world", says one of the author's characters. "I sometimes think that the people it likes to call mad may have all the best of things, and aren't the worst in it either." Miss Amelia certainly wasn't mad, but also she was not quite normal. She lived entirely with an unseen presence of whose reality she never had any doubt. And such was the power of conviction that she convinced others—as Mr. St. John Lucas must convince surely the most indifferent reader—of the reality of things unseen. And yet does he really believe in the things of which he writes?

Certainly in another story, "The Phantom", he seems to write with genuine conviction of the lover of Edith and the nameless man—he never had a name given to him—but then he appends a little paragraph at the end with his tongue in his cheek, as it were, which brings us down to earth again and makes us wonder whether, after all, he is not also among the

scoffers. In a different vein is the story of Miss Jemima Smith, a spinster ("and I am afraid that no one found the fact strange"), who was taken to heaven by aeroplane in mistake for a Smith with the same initial but a totally different nature. Then there is Maria, perhaps the least appealing of the stories. She may have been a self-sacrificing heroine, but she appears to be a very hysterical one. She is, all the same, a live example of the woman who has never found a means of self-expression. There she touches the heights and the depths.

"Chignett Street." By B. Paul Neuman. Smith, Elder. 6s.

The education of the lower classes in the "Elementary" or "Provided" schools in this country has roused Mr. Neuman to enthusiasm. It is hard to share it with him. The conditions of life and the poverty, and often squalor, of the homes from which most of the children who get their education in this way come must at once detract from the fineness and freshness of the material that the schools have to work upon and make the spirit which animates our public schools an impossibility. Mr. Neuman says that the public school has inspired "not a volume but a literature", and that "the elementary school is waiting for its 'Tom Brown', its 'Hill'". It will have to wait indefinitely, one is tempted to think after reading "Chignett Street". Of dogged endurance and courage in hardship, of the reticence about suffering which is very often the pride of the very poor, there is plenty, but of esprit de corps, good comradeship, or sportsmanship that one associates with a public schoolboy there is no trace, so Mr. Neuman tells us on page 20—and, indeed, tells us more or less through the book. Tragedy seems to underlie most of the sketches of Mr. Neuman; and the atmosphere is sordid and pathetic too.

"The Fate of an old Master" is a delightful little sketch, so, too, "George Washington". But how would it be possible to expect from such characters as these any fineness of honour or truth? The finished article we see around us in omnibus conductors, railway clerks, and other useful servants of the public, leaves us to reflect on the shortness of time given over to the study of the ordinary courtesies and amenities of life in schools such as "Chignett Street" has described. But Mr. Neuman's collection of sketches is very readable.

"The Making of Blaise." By A. S. Turberville. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

For a first novel this is a work of promise. It is a story of hereditary influences. As a young woman, Alice Brown is a gay, light girl, who is converted to severe Phillistinism and a life of rigid Puritanism by her husband. Her son Philip inherits her own submerged nature, while Theodore is a still more Calvinistic and priggish replica of his father. Philip's artistic nature revolts; he goes abroad and studies art, and marries a delightful little strolling actress, Athénée de Jussac, whom he rescues, like a second Andromeda, from the odious advances of a French theatrical manager, appropriately named Tartine. Philip and Athénée suffer but varied fortunes, their one joy lying in Blaise, their little son. But here the author heaps tragedy upon tragedy. Philip and Athénée are blown over a cliff into the sea and drowned, and poor Blaise, that child of sunshine and happy nature, is sent over into Theodore's household, where his horrid middle-class family try to undo his upbringing and stilt his beautiful little Pagan soul. His only partisan is Alice Brown, his grandmother, who really understands him and sees her old self in him as in a mirror. She is the most pathetic and clever character-study in the book. But Blaise succumbs to a childish illness, and one is deprived of the end of this battle 'twixt character and influence—a rather disappointing fact. It is a treble tragedy, and the book finishes with the somewhat unenticing figure of the priggish Theodore Brown comfortably going to his prosperous clothier's business and thanking God for being as he is.

"The Money Hunt." By Kineton Parkes. Holden and Hardingham. 6s.

This comedy of social manners in county society is extremely crude. Mr. Parkes does not give the impression of knowing the type of people about whom he writes, or, if he does, he has failed to realise them imaginatively. It is a tiresome story and the efforts to be funny are painful.

"Mistress Charity Godolphin." By Gladys Murdoch. Murray. 6s.

This romance, which is written about the troublous times of the Monmouth rebellion, is quite fresh and charming. Miss Murdoch must be a lover of horses to have so delightfully sketched the red mare Malony, whose part in the story is as great even as that of Mistress Charity. She paints Monmouth as a weak and vacillating leader, and from the first one realises the reason of his failure. Judge Jefferies is made to live up to his character, and the author has given a very realistic account of the trial of Lady Alice Lisle and of her sentence to be burnt alive. But the historical setting is not overdone, and Miss Murdoch tells her story with a swing. There is plenty of riding and fighting, and a good description of a stag hunt.

"Eve and the Minister." By M. H. Shaw. Murray and Evenden. 6s.

There seems no reason why this futile book should ever have been written, or having been written should ever have been published. The nauseating sweetness of its love interest is only equalled by the lurid absurdity of its religious scenes. The book is ill-written and absurd.

LATEST BOOKS.

"A Cavalry Officer in the Corunna Campaign (1808-1809)." The journal of Captain Gordon of the 15th Hussars. Edited by Colonel H. C. Wylly. Murray. 8s. net.

Very little is known of the daily life and doings of our Cavalry in the Corunna Campaign. Captain Alexander Gordon, a young officer, 28 years of age, and the junior Captain in the 15th Hussars, has to some extent supplied this want, and his sketches of the fights at Sahagun and at Cacabelos are of decided interest. The book is edited by Colonel H. C. Wylly, who has written a brief summary of the general military situation at the beginning of each chapter. It is a pity these accounts are so colourless. No reader unacquainted with the great issues at stake could learn from them the reasons of the moves described. Thus Moore's daring advance on Benavente, fraught with such immense strategic results, might be taken by the ordinary reader as describing little more than a shift of quarters. The book is an admirable lesson for all young officers as to what to avoid, for Captain Gordon's criticisms of his Commander-in-Chief's actions, setting aside their unbecoming nature, show a painful ignorance of the whole conduct of war. Thus when Moore, upon hearing of Napoleon's approach with overwhelming forces, abandoned his projected attack on Soult and ordered a retreat, he says: "We could not have suffered greater losses if the attack on Soult had been persisted in and followed by a dash for Madrid". He naïvely adds that had the retreat been delayed 48 hours the alternatives would have been death or surrender. So much for Moore's strategy. As to his tactics, he points out how Moore with "a single company of Grenadiers and one or two field pieces" might have repeatedly kept the whole French Army in check for some hours! At the time when the nation and the Army are doing honour to Sir John Moore as a great soldier it is curious to read how this young hussar held that he, Moore, was "lamentably deficient in decision and firmness", that his measures were ill-advised, that "his judgment was completely clouded", which resulted in making him "commit the most glaring errors". Apparently nothing that Moore could do was right! For when he sought to utilise the services of the luckless dragoons who had lost their horses and had perforce to fight on foot, this youthful hussar writes: "One of the most absurd orders that ever was issued in our service directed all dismounted dragoons to join the 95th and act as sharpshooters". It is difficult to know how else Moore could have employed them. For artillery they were worse than useless, and even if provided with muskets and bayonets, their ignorance of infantry drill in close order would have made them doubly useless, whereas there was at least a possibility of their being able to handle a carbine or a rifle and do some useful rear-guard work on foot.

"My First Years as a Frenchwoman." By Mary King Waddington. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

A good deal of interesting matter is to be found in Mme. Waddington's memoirs, which deal with the social and political life of France in the early years of the Third Republic. As the foreign wife of a statesman who was himself a foreigner, her position might in any case have been difficult, but the temper of the time made it worse. Legitimists did not care to meet Orleanists; a Royalist President had to make use of Republican ministers; and the Princes were still in Paris, going to dances, but leaving before supper to avoid awkward questions of precedence. Mme. Waddington took it all in with an impartial glance, and must have used plenty of tact. Her sketches of the men and women she met at the Quai d'Orsay and elsewhere are lively, but she writes with an invariable discretion which we at once admire and regret. Her general view of the society of the period is, however, illuminating, and occasionally she gives a good anecdote. Once, sitting next to the Chinese Ambassador at dinner, she began conversation by asking him if he had in his country any flowers like those on the table, and was amazed when he replied promptly: "Yes, yes; very hot, very cold, very hot, very cold". The poor man was not a linguist, and we can guess that he had been told how the women of the West are given to starting with polite remarks on the temperature. His answer had been framed to meet all emergencies, but unfortunately Mme. Waddington had given him the wrong opening.

"In Pursuit of Spring." By Edward Thomas. Nelson. 5s. net.

Mr. Thomas has written an account of a journey with a bicycle from London to the Quantock Hills in March. He found spring in the West, which certainly justified him for having taken the road; but the reason of his book is not quite so plain. Mr. Thomas is always a pleasant writer of discursive habit, but we are not sure that he is the man for this kind of work. His chapter on the Wessex poets—Duck, Barnes and Mr. Hardy—is admirable, but he seems to find a general difficulty in getting away from the library. When his book is not dealing with other men's books it too often falls to the level of a collection of notes which convey no definite impression. On page 130, for example, we read: "West Dean, where I entered Wiltshire, a mile from East Dean, is a village with a 'Red Lion' Inn, a railway station, a sawmill and timber-yard, and several groups of houses clustering close to both banks of the river, which is crossed by a road-bridge and by a white foot-bridge below". This sort of thing fails completely to give a picture, but the author is at his best when some chance companion of the road stops him from noting and his occasional moods of lyric melancholy. We like his Cockney cyclist who let the bird out of the bag and knew all that was to be known about clay pipes. Mr. Thomas also has a rare taste in inns and tombs in country churchyards, but the tombs seem to appeal to him the more.

"A Great Adventure." By J. Turquan and J. d'Auriac. Translated by L. Wiggins. Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.

In the introduction to this volume the authors have thought it necessary to tell their readers that they are in no way influenced by national prejudices, but have devoted themselves entirely to historical research. Whilst we do not for a moment imagine that "any sensible Frenchman" of to-day harbours feelings of hatred for the victor of Trafalgar, we cannot help thinking that these two writers started with the intention of proving a case and have snatched at all the straws which the wind blows in their direction. In compiling this life of Lady Hamilton, they have presented her merely as a sordid adventuress, and Nelson as a boot-barbarous though brave. A great man's mistress is commonly blamed for keeping him from his country's service, but the beautiful Emma cannot be attacked in this way. Instead we are told that she captivated her sailor for the sake of sending him to sea to win a glorious name that she hoped to share—and prize money. The two authors are sometimes on firmer ground. The figure of Sir William Hamilton is pitiful if ridiculous, and it must be admitted that Nelson's dealings with the Neapolitan revolutionaries were not above suspicion. Yet whatever were the sins of the couple—and there is little room to doubt their guilt—they may be forgotten in comparison with the black ingratitude of a Government which neglected Nelson's last charges. An Englishman to-day is more easily wounded by thought of that public infamy than by any attack on the private character of the man who died keeping the command of the sea.

"The Beautiful Arabella Phipps, and others." By Gina Rose. Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net.

Titles of books are often deceptive, but here, indeed, we have an extreme case. If any readers chance to be in utter ignorance as to the identity of Arabella Phipps they will find little here to add to their knowledge. We learn that she was beautiful, and we are told the facts of her parentage, that she was painted by Romney and Cosway, and that she was the writer's grandmother. Apparently there is nothing more to be said of her, or, it may be, her story is too well known to need repetition. The rest of the

book is occupied with reminiscences of the author's other relations, friends, and acquaintances. Two or three well-known nineteenth-century figures are, however, introduced, including Charles Spurgeon and his wife. The latter, we learn, raised a lemon tree from a pip, and a note of exclamation is added to this astounding piece of botanical history.

"Life of John Edward Ellis." By A. T. Barrett. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

Quaker man of business, shrewd and keen, independent to obstinacy, and as a practical politician impossible, John Ellis will stand out in his generation as a typical latter-day Puritan. Outside the narrow circle of his intimates he was known as a preacher of peace in the abstract, and to those with whom he worked in the House of Commons as a painstaking and able authority on its complicated procedure. He carried the hatred of his sect for war to an impossible length, and by his speeches and writings during the South African War raised the bitterest feelings at home, and undoubtedly helped to prolong Boer resistance. In the life of such an apostle one eagerly searches for some practical gospel of peace, something real that can be done. But only those well-worn platitudes meet us again. The best of Ellis's work was done in the Commons Committee Rooms. Here business instinct and love of detail helped him to worry through a maze of procedure that was rapidly growing impossible. His eventual reward was what he terms the "high honour" of the temporary chairmanship of the House. He was even mentioned by a few zealous partisans for the Speakership vacant by Lord Peel's retirement, but wisely he refused to encourage the suggestion. Few men knew better their own limitations. In 1897 he took a prominent part in the proceedings of the Jameson Raid Committee, bitterly lamenting the moderation of his leaders. In 1906 his party came into power, but they could find him nothing better than an Under-Secretaryship at the India Office. Lord Morley looked after him. But office was evidently irksome; ill-health came on rapidly, and within a year he was again a private member. Four years later, on the eve of the General Election, he died.

"Law of Associations." By Herbert A. Smith. Clarendon Press. 6s. net.

If there is any principle in our law governing individuals acting together in association, it is probably that of agency. The practical nature of the English lawyer has always sought some corpus upon which to fix responsibility, and with the growing complexity of civilisation the free use of fiction has become necessary to cover our lack of logic. Until recent years unincorporated bodies like trade unions, clubs, and various pro and anti societies were not only individually responsible as to their members, but also through the agency of their working officials. But political expediency has compelled the special treatment of trade unions, and in many directions they are now legally exempt from responsibilities which still attach to all other similar institutions not so capable of turning elections. The principle in the case of corporate associations is more easily applied. These associations, whether public authorities or limited companies, are governed entirely by the statute to which expressly or by implication they owe their origin. It has been argued, however, that an association, being without human personality, is incapable of a criminal act. Within certain physical limits this must be true, but the attempt to apply such a rule generally has failed before the common sense of the Bench, which to-day finds that, though a limited company cannot commit murder, it can, through its officials, libel its rivals in trade, adulterate its goods and break the Factory Laws. The remedy is efficacious, for though you cannot imprison it, fines and damages are recoverable; otherwise John Smith might be fined for selling unsound meat and John Smith, Limited, escape.

"The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments." By Arthur Stapylton Barnes. Longmans. 5s. net.

This book has a rather ambitious title, but the visitor to the Eternal City should slip it into his portmanteau, for Mgr. Barnes is a leading authority on early Christian Rome. The present volume is one of the Westminster Manuals for Roman Catholic clergymen and students, and on controversial points one does not quarrel with a certain bias. But the evidence of funeral and other inscriptions is not treated very critically, and dates are seldom given. What Mgr. Barnes is entitled to point to is the unchallengeable certainty of the connection of the primitive Roman Church with St. Peter and St. Paul, whose bodies, unquestionably, lie in their respective sanctuaries, and the early character of a certain August—though, as we hold, limited—Petrine claim. The second-century portrait-medallion of the two chief Apostles in the Vatican is obviously faithful and of extraordinary interest. Mgr. Barnes does not mention the piece of the title on the Cross deposited by St. Helena at Sta. Croce, an examination of which is curiously persuasive. But he gives a plate of the astonishing photograph of the brown markings long noticed on the "Holy Shroud" of Turin, showing a grave and solemn face of great

majesty and beauty. Probably the catacombs have still many secrets to reveal—their aggregate length is said to equal the length of Italy, and only a part has been explored. Much of this book is historical, describing the persecutions of the first three centuries and the conversion of the Empire. Its pagan glories were departed, and, observes Mgr. Barnes, "had it not been for the Papal See and the consequent necessity of preserving a centre for the government of the Church, Rome might have disappeared almost as completely as Babylon or Nineveh".

"Chats on Old Copper and Brass." By F. W. Burgess. Illustrated. Fisher Unwin. 1914. 5s. net.

With this volume the Chats Series reaches its fifteenth subject. As far as we can see but few things that collectors prize are left to be chatted on. Pictures seem to be altogether too unwieldy and elusive for inclusion in this general kind of discussion. Of all the subjects chosen so far copper probably has the longest if not the most interesting history, ranging from the Bronze Age to mascots for motor cars. If one reflects on the wide embrace of copper and brass, including as they do prehistoric implements, Tang bronzes, cricket candlesticks, harness brasses, and famous bugles, one realises how varied and miscellaneous must be Mr. Burgess' store of chat. He does it very well and informatively and illustrates the chief branches of his subject with taste and utility. Perhaps one might wonder why three of Barye's bronzes should be reproduced when no examples of Greek, Chinese, Renaissance, or Roman bronzes are given. But then, of course these Chats are addressed to curio-collectors and *objets d'art* collectors on a comparatively modest plane. What are distinguished as fine arts hardly come within their range. So that this marked inclusion of Barye may after all be a piece of shrewd criticism.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Malcolm MacColl: Memoirs and Correspondence (Edited by the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell). Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.
The Inner Life of the Royal Academy (George Dunlop Leslie, R.A.). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.
Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love Story and Political Life (Katharine O'Shea). Cassell. 2 vols. 21s. net.
Fragments from Old Letters: E.D. to E.D.W., 1869-1892. Dent. 4s. 6d.
The Kaiser's Heir (Anonymous). Mills and Boon. 6s.

CLASSICS.

- Cæsar's et Hirti Commentarii de Bello Gallico (Edited by T. Rice Holmes). The Medici Society. 21s. net.

FICTION.

- The Theorist (Allen Abbott). Melrose. 6s.
The North Afire (W. Douglas Newton). Methuen. 2s. net.
The Lily and the Rose (G. de Vauriart). Alston Rivers. 6s.
Shallow Soil (Knut Hamsun). 6s.; Scottish Stories (R. B. Cunningham-Graham). 1s. net. Duckworth.
The Island (Eleanor Mordaunt). Heinemann. 6s.
Heroines and Others (St. John Lucas). Blackwood. 6s.
An Irish Lover (By the Author of "Without a God"). Kegan Paul. 6s.
Quick Action (Robert W. Chambers). Appleton. 6s.
Transition (Lucy Re-Bartlett). Longmans. 6s.
Cloudeley Tempest (E. H. Lacon Watson). Murray. 6s.
Bread and Butterflies (Dion Clayton Calthrop); The Lonely Plough (Constance Holme); Shop Girls (Arthur Applin). Mills and Boon. 6s. each.
Sylvia (Upton Sinclair). Long. 6s.

HISTORY.

- Parish Life under Queen Elizabeth (W. P. M. Kennedy). Herder. 1s. net.
Feminist Writers of the Seventeenth Century (S. A. Richards). Nutt. 5s. net.
The Inner History of the Balkan War (Lt.-Colonel Reginald Rankin). Constable. 15s. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- Dictionnaire de Poche: Anglais-Française (Henri Sabersky). Grevel. 2s. net.
Manual of the Russian Language with Vocabulary and List of Phrases. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d. net.
Chambers's Concise Gazetteer of the World (Edited by David Patrick and William Geddie). Chambers. 6s. net.
The Campaign Guide: A Handbook for Unionist Speakers. National Unionist Association. 5s. net.
Map of British Columbia. Bacon. 21s. net.

REPRINTS.

- Poems (Ralph Waldo Emerson). Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
A Strange Solution (Winifred Graham); The Furnace of Youth (J. S. Fletcher); Ten Famous Mystery Stories told in Brief. Pearson. 1s. net each.

Marine Engineering: A Text-Book (Engineer-Captain A. E. Tompkins). 15s. net; Hereditary Genius (Francis Galton) 5s. net; The Childhood of the World (Edward Clodd). 4s. 6d. net. Macmillan.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy: What it is all about (Alfred W. Tillott). King. 5s. net.
Researches into Induced Cell Reproduction in Amœbæ (John Westray Cropper and Aubrey Howard Drew). Vol. iv. Murray. 5s. net.

THEOLOGY.

- Authority (The Rev. George Freeman). Allenson. 2s. 6d. net. *
The Great Christian Theologies.—Liberal Orthodoxy: A Historical Survey (Henry W. Clark, D.D.). Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
Mysticism and the Creed (W. F. Cobb). 10s. 6d. net; The New Testament in the Twentieth Century (The Rev. Maurice Jones). 10s. net. Macmillan.
Bishop Gore's Challenge to Criticism: A Reply to the Bishop of Oxford's Open Letter on the Basis of Anglican Fellowship (W. Sanday, D.D.). Longmans. 6d. net.
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UNTIL Thursday last, when a greater degree of confidence developed, the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange gave one an impression of impending disaster. It would be difficult to fix upon any particular period of the week as having been subject to panicky liquidation, but the books of the largest firms inside bear witness to the relentless nature of the selling movement which emanated from the most important Continental and home centres.

If an effort is made to stem a tide of stock market depression nowadays, it has obviously to be made by dealers in the market, because public initiative is practically out of the question. On the other hand, dealers are faced with the fact that if half of the market had the courage to attempt a "bull" movement, the other half would promptly kill the effort by liquidating before anything like a reasonable advance had been established.

The monotonous depreciation of securities since the last account made it evident that several prominent firms would have huge differences to meet on Thursday last, and suggestions of important failures were freely discussed in all parts of the House. When it became known, however, that an influential group had decided to prevent the weak firms from entering into extensive forced liquidation, which would have been disastrous to the House at the present time, not even the most hardened pessimist denied the existence of a brighter future outlook.

Investors and speculators will not, of course, lose sight of the anxiety still surrounding the Irish crisis; but at the moment, when there is a natural tendency to analyse nothing but "bearish" factors, it would be as well to consider influences which may be the means of reversing the market position sooner or later.

It now appears probable that within the next fortnight or so France will endeavour to float some of the big loan issues which have been withheld for some time. If this is satisfactorily accomplished it will to a great extent relieve the anxiety which has prevailed on the Bourse for some time, and, incidentally, will release a good deal of public capital which has been awaiting employment since the beginning of the year.

The persistent fall in the Brazil exchange has given rise to much anxiety to the House in general, and the Foreign market in particular, during the past account. It is evident, however, from the various commercial reports now available that Brazilian trade is about to experience considerable expansion, and this has already reflected on the Brazil exchange quotation, which has recovered to sixteen pence. Bearing in mind the "bear" capital which was made out of the exchange depreciation last month, a proportionate recovery in stocks should follow as a matter of course now that the rate has recovered.

The favourable monetary factor, of course, cannot be regarded as an additional influence upon which to base "bullish" ideas, for this has been in existence for weeks past; but Thursday's bank statement, showing a total reserve of £25,554,000, despite the continuous export abroad, served to remind the House that money is still a "bull" point, and is likely to remain so for some time to come.

(Continued on page 650.)

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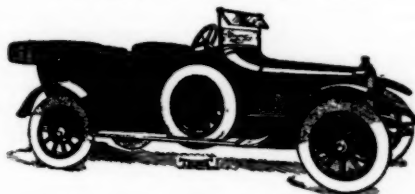
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Issuing houses were fully aware of the possible monetary difficulties on the Stock Exchange, and no new issues were offered for public subscription after the De Trey offer on Monday of 75,000 preference shares and 60,000 ordinary shares. Now that Settlement difficulties have been surmounted, however, and there is every evidence of continued easy monetary conditions next week, new flotations will be on a larger scale.

The future of Gilt-edged Securities appears to rest to a great extent upon political debates, but money conditions are likely to restrain quotations from anything in the nature of a serious relapse. Consols drooped to 74½ in sympathy with the failure anticipations, but jobbers booked extensive "covering" orders later, and the quotation rapidly improved to 75½, other funds recording a proportionate recovery. The new Austrian Notes were found to be particularly scarce at the Special Settlement, and at one period sellers could have obtained ½ premium for their holdings.

Home Railway stocks fell with the rest of securities, and the knowledge that one of the weak accounts included a good deal of railway stock did not tend to improve the position. Most of the prominent lines partially recovered after the settlement, Great Northern Deferred being up to 51½, North-Eastern to 122, North-Western to 130, and Dover "A" to 49.

Activity in American Railways is still principally confined to New York, but some appreciable advances have been recorded in the market here, Steels having advanced to 62½, and Canadian Pacifics rose to 198 on strong professional support.

Jobbers are still obviously nervous of the Mexican situation, and dealings in Mexican Railways have been reduced to a minimum, but investment houses continually display a tendency to take up the best of the Argentine stocks. Buenos Ayres Pacifics have risen well above the "making up" figure to 69½, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern at 112 is 2½ points above the settlement quotation.

Given more favourable political conditions, Brazilian Bonds certainly appear to offer greater attraction to the investor now that a decided industrial improvement is making itself evident. The 5 per cent. 1913 Bonds at the present figure of 83 look decidedly attractive, and the 1889 Bonds now quoted at 71½ have plenty of scope for appreciation.

It is difficult to promise anything in the nature of Mining share activity. The improvement in French conditions is likely to be gradual rather than rapid, and speculators in the House are not likely to venture upon dealing in the Continental favourites in the absence of French support. The Burma Corporation, which was introduced with a flourish of trumpets, and to which we referred last week, has not so far realised the extensive popularity which was promised it by its promoters.

Sir Owen Phillips, at the meeting of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., pointed out that the reserves and insurance funds now amount together to £700,000, and adding those of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., of which it holds the whole of the shares, the company has a total reserve of £1,310,000. Royal Mail shares are now quoted at 96 upon the Stock Exchange.

Rubber shares have been rather more active, but at the slightest sign of a small profit holders persistently step in to suppress the upward movement.

Oil shares have been quiet, but they still appear to offer the opportunity of an early revival of activity. Shell "Transports" are quoted at 5½ and North Caucasian at 44s. 9d. Among low-priced oil shares, British Colonial Petroleum appear to have a very good chance of an early appreciation.

INSURANCE.

THE NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE.

IGNORING those offices which were formed to undertake industrial life assurance and subsequently established ordinary departments, the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society is already well ahead of all other home offices so far as the transaction of new business is concerned. More than one-third of the total premium income is now raised abroad, and this proportion will probably increase in time to one-half or more, as the accounts show that the business obtained out of the United Kingdom is now expanding much faster than are the home connections. As a matter of fact the operations of this office can now be said to have assumed international importance, and its latest yearly returns have been suggestive of new world methods. Only so in one respect. A huge new business is being transacted both at home and abroad, but there the similarity ends. When 11,682 policies are completed in a year for sums assured amounting to £5,356,785, after re-assurances had been deducted, there is a natural tendency to suspect that forcing methods are being adopted. In the case of the Norwich Union there is, however, no cause for suspicion, because the expenditure of the society, notwithstanding the rapid expansion of its new business, has constantly remained moderate, and expense ratios are still favourable. These facts are extremely interesting, inasmuch as they prove that an international life assurance business can be carried on at a moderate cost, whereas former experience had led to an opposite conclusion. Plainly the management of the Norwich Union has succeeded where other managements have failed or partially failed, and there now is ample demonstration of the theory that life assurance work can be successfully undertaken in most, if not all countries, provided British ideals in regard to expenditure are rigorously enforced.

Hitherto the main trouble in connection with international transactions has been the too-free hand allowed managers in distant parts, with the result of large sums being frittered away. Expense ratios have risen at such a rate as to alarm both directors and policyholders at home, and the inevitable sequel has been an imperative order to reduce expenditure—a course which generally proves disastrous. Thus far the management of the Norwich Union Life appears to have profited from the knowledge of these earlier mistakes. With the growth of operations in the colonies and foreign countries, expenses have necessarily increased, but the general expense ratio is still reasonable—only slightly above the average for home ordinary offices as a body—and the analysed ratios, making allowance for the extra cost of new business, are distinctly favourable.

Last year the premium income of the society amounted to £1,446,894, of which £953,416 was obtained at home and £193,478 abroad; commission cost £134,277, and £97,929 went in expenses of management, including directors' remuneration. As only £232,206 was spent in all, it is evident that the loading for expenses was not only not exceeded, but was not even nearly reached. It has to be remembered, moreover, that the new premium income secured was disproportionately large, as it amounted to £206,970 in annual premiums, in addition to £19,836 received by single payments. About one-seventh of the total premium income was therefore represented by new premiums, and the effect of such a proportion would be to greatly swell the general expense ratio. In most offices it is the rule to allow two-thirds or more of the initial premium as a fair charge for the cost of acquisition, and in some offices this allowance is extended to the whole of the first year's premium. When the two-thirds test is applied to the Norwich Union figures the burden upon the renewal premium income is found to be very moderate, almost the same as it was ten or fifteen years ago,

(Continued on page 652.)

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ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Sir Owen Phillips, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: We are able to recommend the payment of 6 per cent. dividend for 1913, being at the same rate as for 1912, compared with 5 per cent. for 1911 and 4 per cent. for 1910. After payment of the dividend on the Preference and Ordinary stock the balance carried forward will be increased by over £16,000—namely, from £7,570 to £23,899. I am pleased to be able to tell you that the business of the company has been more than maintained. There was a substantial increase in the revenue in 1913, both from passengers and cargo. Wages and nearly all working expenses have again risen and are record figures, with the exception of coal, which cost us 4d. per ton less than in the previous year, when, as you may remember, we had to purchase a lot of emergency coal during the 1912 coal strike. Although we were able to save a trifle in the cost of coal, still our coal supplies in 1913 cost, on the average, over 2s. per ton more than in 1911. Notwithstanding the increase in working expenses, the actual profits on voyages were slightly larger than in the previous year, but sundry receipts from other sources were less, and the net profit, after allowing for depreciation, is less than in the previous year. We have written off slightly over 5 per cent. depreciation on the first cost of the steamers, and while I should like to see the steamers standing in the books at a somewhat lower figure, I am satisfied that they are now standing at a fair price—neither much too high nor too low—and that, I conclude, is what every reasonable proprietor desires. The reserve fund and insurance fund now, together, amount to £700,000, and as we only take a limited amount of risk on each steamer and cover the remainder of the risk with underwriters, nearly the whole amount may be looked on as a reserve fund. This company, as you know, owns all the shares in the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which company has now £460,000 insurance fund and £150,000 reserve fund (together £610,000), and as their steamers stand in their books at a very moderate figure these two funds are really part of the reserve of our proprietors, and, combined with our reserve fund, make a total of £1,310,000 reserves, which is, I think you will agree, quite a substantial figure even for a company like this with a capital of £4,200,000, being over 31 per cent. of the capital. In addition to the reserves of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, many of the other associated companies have substantial reserves, in which this company is naturally interested, as they not only greatly strengthen the position of the associated companies and tend to discourage undue interference with their business by outsiders, but they also considerably add to the value of the interest we hold in these companies. I told you last year that I would give you some further figures as to the holdings in associated shipping companies. At the present time we own £1,500,000 of shares in the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, £990,000 shares in the Nelson Lines, £880,000 stock in the Union-Castle Line, £603,000 shares in Elder Dempster and Co., Ltd., and £100,000 shares in Lamport and Holt, Ltd.—the total nominal value of the shares being £4,073,000 (all fully paid up), and they stand in the books at £4,543,000, or, say, £470,000 over their par value; and in my opinion they are worth very considerably more than the figure at which they stand in our books, as all the fleets of the various companies are properly written down. Of the total figure, the shares in the companies I have mentioned to you represent £4,543,126. The balance is the present written-down value of the R.M.S.P. fleet, including payments on account of steamers building. The present book value of our fleet, exclusive of steamers building, is £143s. 8d. per ton register, and, while the average age of the R.M.S.P. fleet is 14½ years, the average age of the tonnage owned is 8½ years. Now as to the future. As you know, I never attempt to prophesy, and the position this year is rather more difficult to forecast than usual, because while the company and its associated companies were never in a better financial position than they are at the present time, the financial crisis in South America is at the moment causing a considerable diminution in the total number of passengers travelling, both cabin passengers and steerage. I, for one, am convinced that there is great scope for further agricultural development in South America. Whatever may be the result of the present shipping depression, I and my colleagues are convinced that this company's business has been built up on a sound and solid foundation, and, even if we have temporary times of depression to pass through, this great company is in a strong position to meet whatever the future has in store. I now beg to move:—That the report of the directors and the accounts and balance-sheet submitted to this meeting, be and the same are hereby received and adopted, and that a dividend of 2½ per cent., less income-tax (making with the interim dividend 5 per cent. for the year), be and the same is hereby declared on the Ordinary stock, the dividend on the Ordinary stock issued in May last to be calculated from the dates of payment of the instalments.

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Alfred S. Williams) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

CALLENDER'S CABLE.

The Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of Callender's Cable and Construction Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday at Hamilton House, Victoria Embankment, Sir Fortescue Flannery, Bart., M.P., the chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: In the years 1912 and 1913 there was abounding commercial prosperity throughout the whole civilised world, and I do not think that history records a time of greater commercial and manufacturing activity. During both those years this company, by reason of its highly-organised system of management, has been able to obtain its full share—more than its full share some people say—of business more or less profitable. Not only in regard to the large number of small orders, which represent the bread and butter of a trade like ours in quiet times, but also as regards some big orders, the company has been successful; and at home, in the Dominions, and abroad we have done, we consider, a very satisfactory year's trading. The advances in the use of electricity have, perhaps, been greater than those in any other department of science, and they have not been neglected by the professional officers of this company, for special conditions as regards our laboratory work and our experimental work have been observed, and we have kept ourselves, as we believe, in the forefront of the scientific as well as of public commercial progress. In the year 1913 we had a record of £97,000 to our credit; while in the year just closed we have a balance of £97,000. Electricity, as I have said, has progressed, and possibly the developments in mines and factories, in railways, in general traction, in telegraphs, and in telephones have been as widespread and as great as in any previous year; and it is in regard to telephones that we may claim to have made some very special successes. We have been successful especially in our relations with the General Post Office in connection with the telephone service, and we believe that the existing defects are likely to disappear in the very near future—certainly, as regards the apparatus itself, with which we are concerned. The company is doing its best over a very large section indeed of the area of all England, to second the efforts of the Post Office and to deliver the very best material in the very shortest possible time in order to fulfil our contract with the Post Office. We have laid down special plant both at Erith and at Leigh with that object; and, in illustration of the thrifty policy of the board, I may mention that the cost of that plant has been

largely paid for out of revenue. We have had a prosperous year, but we are making arrangements for the lean years which possibly and almost certainly must come. We have taken the opportunity of revising and extending our agencies throughout the world, and I venture to say that there are few large towns in the United Kingdom, in the Dominions, or practically in any civilised country where there is not at the present moment, or will be in the near future, a resident skilled representative of this company ready to do business on your behalf. As regards the Anchor Cable Company—a subsidiary concern in which you are interested—I am able to report a period of satisfactory progress. You have seen the dividend that has been declared by the Anchor Company, and I may add—it is not mentioned in the report—that there is a very considerable surplus on the operations of that company which is not being distributed, but which is being set aside by way of reserve. You will find in the report some mention of labour unrest. That is a matter in connection with which no shareholder in an industrial company can help being interested. The maintenance of all our buildings and plant has been, as usual, paid for out of revenue. I might mention, perhaps, that, with the sanction of our auditors, we might have treated some of these expenses differently, but we thought it best to charge them against revenue. Large portions of our capital—this is a very important point to mention—are invested in electrical undertakings which are customers of this company, and I am able to assure you that, as a whole, those investments are not only in a safe and satisfactory, but in a very improving condition in the opinion of the directors. As regards the profit and loss account, I may mention that the profit of £159,000, after deducting all charges on manufacturing accounts and contracts, compares remarkably closely with the amount shown in the previous year—namely, £158,000. There is no serious difference in the items on the other side of the account, excepting that the general expenses are £49,000, compared with £42,000 in the previous year, the chief increase being in the cost of agencies and commissions for agents and so on—a provision largely for the future against the present. Broadly speaking, we stand to-day in a very satisfactory position. While a year ago we brought forward the sum of £58,000, which, added to the profit, made £155,000, we are this year in the position of being able to put before you a balance to the credit of profit and loss of £91,000, and adding that to the amount brought forward from last year we have no less than £183,000 to deal with; and after paying the interest on the Debenture stock and Preference shares, and providing, as we believe, adequately for depreciation, we have an available balance of £150,000.

Mr. F. O. Callender, the managing director, seconded the adoption of the report and accounts, which were carried unanimously, and resolutions passed declaring the dividend recommended, making 15 per cent. for the year.

BRITISH BANK OF NORTHERN COMMERCE.

The Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the British Bank of Northern Commerce (Limited) was held on Thursday at the offices of the bank, Mr. Emil Gluckstadt presiding.

The Chairman said:—The directors' report and statement of accounts were sent out on the 25th ult., and have no doubt been fully studied by the shareholders, and, to save time, I propose adopting the usual course of taking them as having been read. It is with pleasure that your directors present the accounts for your approval and confirmation, showing as they do that the bank has made good progress during the past year, notwithstanding the difficulties in the European money markets, partly occasioned by the Balkan War. On the occasion of our first annual meeting last year our chairman, the Right Honourable Earl Grey, expressed the hope that this bank would advance in a marked degree. This hope has been realised. Our business in every direction has increased, and our many connections in Scandinavia and elsewhere have brought to us business of a satisfactory character. The subscribed capital of the company is 150,000 shares of £10 each, issued at £15 per share—namely, £2,250,000. Of this sum £750,000 has been paid up, being £2 10s. on premium account, and £2 10s. on capital account. Thus we are in the strong position of having an uncalled reserve of £1,500,000, of which £375,000 represents uncalled premium and £1,125,000 uncalled share capital. I now draw your attention to the result of the transactions during the year covered by the accounts, and as shown in the balance-sheet and the profit and loss account. Shortly stated, they are as follows:—After making full provision for doubtful and bad debts and contingencies and all charges, we are able to recommend a dividend, free of income-tax at the rate of 3s. per share, equal to 6 per cent. upon the paid-up share capital, and we carry forward to the current year £10,022 10s. 3d. The total distribution for the year, therefore, after taking into consideration the interim dividend of 4 per cent. paid in October last, is 10 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax. The amount payable to the Government in respect of income-tax on dividends to shareholders during the year is £2,323 0s. 2d., or about 1 per cent. Turning to the figures shown in the balance-sheet, you will notice that "current, deposit, and other accounts" amount to £1,137,976 19s. 8d., and that our acceptances have amounted to £1,122,950 11s. 2d., in each instance exhibiting a substantial increase in the bank's business. On the assets side we have "cash in hand and at bankers in London and abroad, and money at call and at short notice," £671,199 5s. 1d. Our investments are taken at the market value on March 31st, the date to which the accounts are made up. In common with other banking institutions, we have been compelled to make liberal provision for depreciation of securities, etc., and this has had some influence on the net profits. The reading room at the bank premises, which was instituted about a year ago, has been well patronised. The principal Northern European newspapers and reference books are available. Travellers and customers may also have their correspondence addressed to our care. The additional premises adjoining—namely, at No. 47 Bishopsgate—of which premises your directors some time ago acquired a lease in order to provide for increasing business (and which have been let upon a convenient tenancy), will be occupied by us in the near future, the additional space being required in order to meet the demands occasioned by the constant growth of the bank's business. The director desire to express their regret at the absence to-day of the Right Honourable Earl Grey, the chairman of the company, who, acting under medical advice, has undertaken a long sea voyage, and who, we are glad to say, is expected back in a few weeks. That is the conclusion of my remarks, but before I sit down I am sure you will like to hear that your institution has, within the past half-hour, been honoured with a visit from His Majesty the King of Denmark. Shareholders will remember that in October last we were similarly honoured by the presence of the King of Norway.

The report and accounts were adopted unanimously, and a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. (3s. per share) for the half-year ending March 31st, 1914, free of income-tax, was declared on the capital paid up on the 150,000 shares issued, payable on and after the 15th day of May, 1914, making, with the interim dividend of 4 per cent. paid on the 16th October last, a total distribution of 10 per cent. for the year, free of income-tax.

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